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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK ...	881
WAR NOTES	883
LEADING ARTICLES :—	
The City of God ...	884
America and Sinn Fein	884
Photographs and Pictures ...	885
The Cult of the Goat	886
The Past in Picardy	887
VERSE :—	
S.O.S.	888
CORRESPONDENCE :—	
General Page Croft ...	888
Popular Credit Banks	889
Loaded Costs ...	890
What did the French call Law? ...	890
The Strikes and the Middle Class ...	890
Italy and Japan ...	890
The Trade Union Congress ...	891
The Marquess of Hastings v. Mr. Montagu	891
Bureaucracy ...	891
An Unknown Prophet	892
FINANCE :—	
The City ...	902
Motor Notes ...	900

in Chambers. The transaction is a very valuable moral lesson, and we rejoice at its happening.

The lesson is valuable for two reasons. The strike exhibits the depth of selfishness, cowardice, and dishonesty of which some working-men are capable when they think themselves indispensable and irresistible. The conduct of the railwaymen displays the three gravest social sins of which a citizen can be guilty, viz., the repudiation of a bargain made by his duly authorised representatives; the blackmailing attempt to extort money from the necessities of his country at war; and instantaneous retreat before superior physical force. The second valuable result is the proof that the Government has only to be firm and to use its physical resources to free the country from the tyranny of Labour. The next group of blackmailers to be taken in hand are the colliers.

There are four ways of curing, or at least moderating, the rapidly approaching coal famine. 1. Suspend the Eight Hours Act. Express provision is made in the Act for its suspension in case of war: but the Government has not the courage to apply it. 2. Employ German prisoners in the mines. The Germans are employing British, French, and Russian prisoners in the coal-mines; why should not we do the same? The Germans would probably have to be protected by a small guard: but the coal would be got, for there must be plenty of miners amongst the prisoners. 3. Stop the allowance of coal to the colliers, which is given them by their employers, and is greater than and not subject to the rations of other people. 4. Bring back the colliers recently combed out who have not yet been sent abroad, but are being trained in the various camps at home. During the past year *The Saturday Review* has repeatedly brought forward indisputable proofs of the shirking of the colliers, which the Coal Controller has ignored.

Everybody must be glad to read that the Prime Minister has so rapidly recovered from his high temperature and sore throat. Mr. Lloyd George is attempting too much; and some of his colleagues, Lord Curzon, or Mr. Bonar Law, for instance, should relieve him of the fatigue of provincial speech-making. We are willing to ascribe to an overwrought physical and mental condition the extraordinary statements about our reserves in March made by the Prime Minister at Manchester. If we had the reserves why were they not in France? If the reserves were in existence, why comb out 75,000 colliers? The serious defeat of our armies in the spring, and the equally serious shortage of coal, ought neither of them to have occurred, if Mr. Lloyd George's speech was correct.

The agreement for the exchange of prisoners concluded by Sir George Cave and Lord Newton at the Hague has not been ratified by the German Government. The German representatives endeavoured to extract a pledge from the British that the Germans in China would not be interned or deported to Australia. This guarantee Sir George Cave very properly declined to give, whereupon the Germans expressed their belief that the agreement would not be ratified by their

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The anniversary of the unification of Italy was celebrated by a luncheon at the Mansion House on Tuesday, and a concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, attended by the Lord Mayor and the other Mayors of London. The name of Prince Colonna, the Syndic or Mayor of Rome, carries one back to the most disturbed and least glorious period of the annals of modern Rome, an account of which may be found in Gibbon's last volume. Lords Palmerston and Russell were such enthusiastic champions of Italian unity that they would have gone to war with Austria had not Queen Victoria forbade intervention. It is curious that at the Hyde Park meeting on Sunday and at the City feast the names on the banners and in the mouths of men were not Cavour and Victor Emmanuel but Mazzini and Garibaldi. This is a painful instance of historical ingratitude, for the unity of Italy was won, not by the writings and plots of Mazzini or the ragged regiments of Garibaldi, but by the patient, bold, and far-seeing statesmanship of Cavour.

The railwaymen's strike, originated at Cardiff, began on Monday, the 23rd, and practically ended on Wednesday, the 25th inst. It paralysed for two days the transport of troops, food, munitions, and passengers on the Great Western, North Western, South Western, and Great Eastern systems, though on the three latter lines the strike was only partial. It collapsed on the appearance of Royal Engineers on the locomotives, the disembarkment of a few hundred armed soldiers, and the stoppage of strike-pay by an injunction obtained by the Government from a judge

Government—and it has not been. But neither have the Germans in China been interned or deported. So that the result of the mission has been nothing. It seems to us that the British Government should insist on the Chinese authorities interning the Germans, or should deport them to Australia as originally intended. The one thing needful is to get the Huns out of Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Hankow.

If the Foreign Office brought sufficient pressure to bear upon the Chinese Government the Germans would be interned, and something would be done. The Germans are just as likely to ratify the agreement after the internment of their subjects in China, if they really want the exchange of prisoners to take place. The request for a guarantee was, as usual, a try-on. In the same spirit, the German representatives tried to force into a discussion about prisoners an agreement about dropping leaflets from balloons. The German officers did their best to get an undertaking out of the Home Secretary and Lord Newton that propaganda from the skies should cease, which shows how effective it has been. The credit of this propaganda, however, belongs to the War Office, not to Lord Beaverbrook. Small automatically explosive balloons are filled with leaflets and sent adrift.

It is possible that there may be another reason why the German Government does not ratify the agreement for the exchange of prisoners, apart from the Chinese question. The Germans may have begun to reflect that if prisoners return from England they will tell their relatives and friends how they were treated here, and thus refute the gross lies which are published in the German Press about the torture and starvation of prisoners in England. Why, then, it may be asked, did the German Government arrange for the Conference if they didn't mean to carry out the agreement? Undoubtedly the Germans thought that the talk about prisoners might be skilfully expanded into a talk about peace; in fact, they made several attempts in that direction.

The Dutch will have it that the "Konigin Regenten" was torpedoed: but nobody saw the torpedo, which, as the sea was perfectly calm, must have been seen by the look-out men. The German explanation of the business is that it was a British torpedo, and that Lord Northcliffe and General Page Croft ordered the Admiralty to blow up Lord Newton. The truth, according to the best evidence, is that the steamer struck a detached mine. It is not true, as stated in the newspapers, that Lord Newson and Sir George Cave had originally arranged to go by the "Konigin Regenten" and changed their mind at the last minute.

In the Olympian regions of millionaire journalism a rivalry, almost amounting to a quarrel, has arisen between Jupiter Northcliffe and Apollo Beaverbrook. The Thunderer "bears like the Turk no brother near the throne," and regards with annoyance the growing pretensions of the minor deity. Apollo Beaverbrook has been forced to call to his aid a mere mortal, the oil-king Cowdray, and the two are buying up all the newspapers, daily and weekly, they can lay their hands on. "*Tantæ animis caelestibus iræ?*" But if we must be governed by millionaire newspaper-owners, it were perhaps better that they should be many than one. Lord Northcliffe's career from *Comic Cuts* to *The Times* has been so triumphant, he has amassed so much money and power, that his position was bound to be challenged sooner or later. Success provokes imitation, competition, and finally war.

There is quite a drench of German oratory this week, against which all sensible men will merely put up their umbrellas. The fact is the German High Command sees that it has lost the war, and the longer it goes on the heavier will be the punishment and the larger the bill to be paid. We can put aside with a smile the frantic and ludicrous attempts on the part of

Hertling and Hintze and the rest to prove that Germany is an injured innocent, fighting to defend her frontiers from encircling foes. The documentary evidence of July, 1914, is too strong, too recent, and too accessible to admit of dispute, and within the next twelve months probably it will be laid before the German public. The sum and substance of all this talk is that the Kaiser and his sword-rattling generals are anxious to take the Socialists into partnership, and to throw over Junkers, Catholics, and Liberals, the aristocracy and the middle class.

Peace we can have to-morrow if we will only renounce the economic boycott. It is plain from the official speeches and the newspapers that if the Allied Powers will agree to admit Germany to a proportionate share of the raw materials of the world, Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine will be restored to their owners; the claim for the return of the German Colonies abandoned; and the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest torn up. What happens to Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey in the settlement the Germans care not a rap; indeed, it looks as if Bulgars and Turks will be out of the war before Christmas. Erzberger's scheme of a League of Nations continues to puzzle us. How is President Wilson's policy of "no annexations and no indemnities" to be reconciled with the treaty made by the Entente with Italy on her entrance into the war? Alsace-Lorraine may be described as a restoration. But Italy's claims to the Trentino, the Adriatic shores, the islands, and a portion of Syria cannot come under that heading.

From the clutter that is being made in Germany about responsible government and a popular franchise, it really looks as if the Kaiser was going to take what we pointed out to him as "the only way" to save his head, or at least his throne. There are two kinds of Cæsarism, that of Julius and Napoleon, a dictator supported by universal suffrage; and that of the Middle and Modern Ages, a hereditary king supported by an army and an aristocracy. The Kaiser William, to do him justice, has played the part of the hereditary autocrat supported by the army as well as it can be played. But the part is no longer playable to a modern audience: and William, like a quick-change artist, now thinks he will play Julius or Napoleon.

The Kaiser may get his Socialists and Democrats to accept him as their leader, but what about the Junkers and the Clericals and the Middle Class Liberals whom he is about to throw over? And what about the European Powers? Napoleon the Second (stupidly called the Third), had an easy game to play, because France was at peace in 1851. But Germany is at war with the world: and supposing Schiedemann and Co. choose to make terms with the Kaiser as the Demagogue Emperor, there are still the other Powers, America, Britain, France, and Italy to be reckoned with. Not one of these Powers will, in their present frame of mind, make any treaty with Kaiser William. When Schiedemann and Co. recognise this fact, the Kaiser's hour has sounded.

Although a proposal to found a League of Nations coming from Germany is ridiculous enough, it would be a mistake to laugh Herr Erzberger's scheme out of court. It is permissible to learn from an enemy, and it is important to note that one of the fundamentals of the Erzberger plan, viz., the open door for all the members of the League, cancels the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest, and the supplementary treaties, which are founded on preferential treatment. Armies and navies are to be rationed to the members of the League according to an agreed standard, though whether that standard is to be population, area, or wealth, or all combined, is not clear. It certainly could not be population or area, as then Russia and China would have the largest armies allotted to them. But perhaps Russia and China are to be declared "permanently neutral," a phrase which strikes us as intrinsically absurd.

One of the strongest objections to the Erzberger or any other League of Nations is one which the Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Smith, pointed out to the American lawyers in New York. It is assumed that the present boundaries of States are permanent, whereas everybody knows they cannot be fixed, nor ought they to be. Migrations of peoples and diversions of channels of trade make alterations of boundaries necessary. Another great difficulty is that Germany, naturally, proposes herself as a member of the League, and it may be many years before France, Britain, or America, will enter a bond or league with Germany. The members of the League are to have no secrets from one another; all their most intimate military, naval, aerial, and financial details are to be exposed. Who would admit Germany to such a confidence?

To return to the British Legations in South America, which we mentioned last week. Our mind running on the City of the Violet Crown, we spoke of the hill station near Rio de Janeiro, where the diplomats live, as Acropolis, its right name being Petropolis. We do not know whether Sir Arthur Peel, the British Minister at Rio Janeiro, lives at Petropolis, but we are certain that he ought not to do so. There are plenty of hill-sites immediately surrounding Rio Janeiro, where the British Ambassador should either build or buy a house. Rio is a very important political and commercial centre: it is essential that the British Representative should live there constantly, and that he should meet, not only his fellow diplomats, but the leading merchants and politicians. The Legation ought to be elevated into an Embassy, for which an imposing residence must be provided.

Few people in England realise the growing commerce of Brazil, whose imports have risen from £21,377,270 in 1901 to £40,369,436 in 1916, almost double. During the three years before the war (1911 to 1913) the annual average of the importation was from Great Britain £16,000,000, from Germany £10,500,000, from the United States £9,000,000. Since the war began the trade between Brazil and the United States has advanced by leaps and bounds. Unless the British Foreign Office wakes up, and takes some steps at once, the trade formerly done with Germany will be captured by the Americans and the Japanese, our Allies and also our competitors in the far East and far West. A British Chamber of Commerce should at once be established at Rio Janeiro, with branches at Bahia, Pernambuco, and Sao Paulo. It is well known that large stores of coffee have been accumulated at Sao Paulo or Rio on account of German customers, and that the Brazilian Government has advanced a considerable sum to the growers. Why does Britain not buy this coffee? We should get a valuable crop, and we should impress the Brazilians with the idea that we mean to take and keep Germany's vacant place.

Mr. H. G. Wells in his latest book, asserts that a man who pursues the line of reactionary journalism must of necessity take to drink. We have dabbled in reactionary journalism for the last twenty years, but we have never been drunk since our undergraduate days. We claim no merit for this temperance, which has been due to a weak digestion rather than a strong morality. Spirituous excess, however trifling, always resulted in a parching of the editorial tongue, and an aching of the editorial brow. It is curious to read in the Hickey Memoirs, a most amusing Pepysian record of the eighteenth century, that young Hickey's orgies were invariably followed by violent headache and sickness. Yet he persisted in his "convivial" bouts, lasting sometimes from three in the afternoon to three the next morning. This was heroism almost as great as Nelson's putting to sea in defiance of an invincible uprising of the stomach.

WAR NOTES.

Two of the most brilliant military feats on record have led in the Balkans and Syria to changes in the situation which to those who have not followed closely events in the Nearer East must have appeared dramatic. The first was the attack by the Serbian army that broke the Bulgarian front east of the Cerna bend; the second, following the rupture of the right of the Turkish line in Palestine, the ride of the British cavalry for fifty miles across country to the crossings of Jordan, just south of the sea of Galilee.

East of the Cerna bend was the sector of the Bulgarian line which appeared to be naturally the most impregnable. The defences ran along the slopes and summits of rugged mountains 5,000 feet and upwards in height. It was probably the last point at which the Bulgarians expected an offensive to begin. Elsewhere they might be prepared against the consequences of a breach. Here it was not likely. At this point, therefore, if anywhere, a surprise might be brought off. Further, the line, if ruptured here, would enable the Allies, by striking directly across the range to the valley of the Vardar, at once to separate the First Bulgarian Army from the second, and to outflank both, besides cutting, should the stroke get home, their main lines alike of retreat and of supply.

The plan was brilliant—if practicable. It is the first mark of genius in a commander that he should measure the practicability or otherwise of plans by the character of the troops under his orders. General Franchet D'Esperey realised that in the Serbians he had a force of whom the theoretically "impossible" might safely be asked. They were launched; they broke through; and all the consequences of the breach rapidly developed. Moving far too swiftly for the enemy to attempt a rally, even had his dispositions allowed of it, which they did not, and fighting with a fury which nothing could resist, for their wrongs cried for vengeance, the Serbians, the Swiss of Eastern Europe, reached the Vardar at Krovak, supported by the pressure of the other Allies against the now divided fragments of the hostile front. The First Bulgarian Army, its retreat menaced, began a retirement which soon degenerated into a rout; shepherded off the Prilep-Veles route into the mountains to the north and west. The Second Bulgarian Army, its western and best way out along the Vardar closed, found itself cooped up with the inaccessible Belech range in its rear, and with only the narrow gorge of the Struma on its left as a possible outlet. As the front here ran roughly parallel with the mountains behind, the chances were that this force would be entrapped.

In a word, the Bulgarian defence had gone suddenly and completely to pieces. The enemy's losses in materials of war were enormous, and his casualties crippling. Survivors, demoralised by the failure of supplies, were rounded up in masses. As a military factor in the struggle Bulgaria is finished, and the Allied cause in the Balkans has been vindicated by a sweeping triumph. Short of the drafting in of a powerful German-Austrian army, there is nothing to oppose the force General Franchet D'Esperey has under his command. It now includes the Greek Army, which in this battle gave an excellent account of itself.

In Palestine the operations of General Allenby met with an equally unqualified success. The operations west of Jordan represented an encircling movement, boldly conceived and as audaciously executed. While the Turks were occupied and outwitted by a feint attack astride the Jerusalem-Nablus road, they discovered—too late—that they had not only been outflanked, but that the British cavalry had closed upon their rear and were driving south. The British right at the same time pressed north, so that the fords over Jordan were barred. The 7th and 8th Turkish armies were broken up. This disaster announces the end of the Syrian campaign.

THE CITY OF GOD.

M R. HAROLD BEGBIE tells us in *The Daily Chronicle* that he and Lord Robert Cecil believe in the City of God, which is to be created after the war by the agency of the Christian virtues. There is to be "a spiritual revolution," a unity of free nations. "The old world of competition and rivalry, of hatred and jealousy, of selfishness and materialism, is perishing in the flames of war, and out of those same fires is emerging a new world of unselfishness and kindness, of friendship, co-operation, and self-sacrifice. Nations are actually to help each other, to dwell together like brothers." Lord Robert Cecil has no doubt, Mr. Begbie adds, that "British democracy will play a knightly part in fashioning this new world." It is interesting to know that an eloquent publicist and a rising statesman believe in this kindly creed: but what are the foundations of their belief? Lord Robert's cousin, Mr. Balfour, will tell him that he ought to have some foundations for his belief: what are they? Why does he, by the graceful and glowing pen of Mr. Begbie, assure us that the City of God is about to be translated from dreamland to reality, and that mainly by the knightly aid of the British democracy? On what grounds does he conclude that hatred and jealousy and selfishness are perishing in the flames, and will suddenly be replaced by unselfishness, co-operation, and self-sacrifice? Let him look around. On all sides he will see strike following upon strike, and that for no real grievance or hardship, but just for ten bob more; regardless of consequences to armies and to homes, "give us the ten bob." He will see whole groups of educated and skilled artisans resolutely refusing to make any sacrifice at all for their country, being wholly absorbed in the attempt to get more money for less work. Or if Lord Robert Cecil will throw his glance across the Irish Channel, he will see three-fourths of the Irish people sullenly refusing to take any part in the war at all. Is it to the leaders of Labour that Lord Robert looks in building the City of God, in which nations are to help one another and to dwell together in brotherly love? Why, Messrs. Hughes and Havelock Wilson, two heroes of the hour, are clamouring for the exclusion of German goods, the one for ever, the other for ten years. Is this the rationing of the products of the world, or is this a knightly part to play in the fashioning of the new world? Or let Lord Robert Cecil look nearer home, amongst his own political friends, or at least their associates. He will find a large number of them, assisted by their organs in the Press, engaged in a kind of witch-hunting; pursuing old men and women to prison; punishing the taint of the blood; and visiting the sins of fathers upon children unto the second and third generation. Is this the spirit of brotherly love, or knightly assistance, that is going to build the City of God? Really we cannot see any grounds for the belief that we are on the eve of a spiritual revolution, or that the world is about to be re-born into an era of peace and love and self-sacrifice. Very much the same belief was held nineteen centuries ago.

If Jesus came to Nazareth to-day, except in the matter of costume, He would find the world much the same, certainly not improved. Instead of a centurion and his company of bare-armed soldiers with shields and short swords there are pleasant-faced men in soft brown clothes mounting guard in the cities of Palestine. Caesar is still on his distant throne, with the same eagle on his helmet, and has done deeds worse than aught they whispered of Tiberius. He has substituted Jehovah for Jove as his War-God, and has considerably improved the throat-cutting and head-smashing business—that is all. The Scribes and Pharisees are still there, only the Scribes are much more numerous and powerful. The Sadducees are there, toothless and tolerant, smirking in sacerdotal garb, half asserting and half-denying. The Publicans are there, filling their pockets more boldly than ever out of the people's taxes. Lawyers still tempt the muddle-headed: and the money-changers, if they have not regained the Temple, still make a trifling profit by

turning over pieces of paper instead of silver. Nay, Pontius Pilate is still on the Bench, cracking his jests and propounding posers to the Court, longing for the hour of four, when he may toddle off to tea with his grandchildren. The Founder of Christianity had a gentle irony of His own, which might prompt Him to ask, surveying the world from a mountain near Nazareth to-day, "Is this all you have made of the Sermon on the Mount?"

On looking round the world we see but slender foundations, or no foundations at all, for the amiable belief that five years of war are going to change human nature, and transform men who for nineteen hundred years have killed and robbed and lied into angels of sweetness and light. It is true that Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Harold Begbie are building their City of God upon the ruins of Kaiserdom. But are they right about that? It is very difficult to read what is going on in Central Europe from the venal and mendacious Press of Germany. So far as it is possible to interpret all the intrigues and chattering about the democratisation of German government, things seem to be trending, as we have suggested more than once, not towards the destruction of the Kaiser, but towards his transformation into a modern edition of the Roman or Napoleonic type. Advances are being openly made to the German Socialist leaders to join the Government, and to wipe up the appalling mess in which autocratic Wilhelm and his mailed fist have landed Germany. This movement may succeed, for Socialists and Democrats have never been able to resist the bait of government pay and power. But neither the Roman nor the French Empire bore much resemblance to the City of God. The Kaiser, dependent on universal suffrage and nominating a government responsible to the Reichstag, will be different from the white-cloaked god who darted down the Unter den Linden with his hand upon the eagle of his helm in August, 1914. But will he not be more dangerous, because more powerful? Do Mr. Begbie and Lord Robert Cecil propose to admit a democratic Cæsar to their City of God? If so, we fear he will make of it what Augustus made of Rome, or what Napoleon III. made of Paris. Nothing seems to us so tragical as the belief that the war has purged mankind of his original sin, and that in the new world "distribution shall undo excess, and each man have enough." After the war we shall find ourselves in a new world only in this sense, that new names will be given to old, very old, and ugly things. It is a beautiful ideal, this of Lord Robert's City of God; but, as Alfred de Musset said of himself and his attitude towards creeds, "I should like to believe, but I have come too late into a world too old."

AMERICA AND SINK FEIN.

"Ye say ye are Irish through and through—Not till Iscariot's Irish, too
Sinn Fein!"

THIS is the refrain of a passionate reproach published in *The New York World*, a newspaper which for a generation or more has been Ireland's friend. And that poet's signature is "John O'Keefe"! Will nothing arouse the Irish masses to a realisation of the figure they cut in the eyes of democratic nations, now pouring out their manhood and their blood for freedom's sake? It is an Irishman *pur sang*, of a Kerry mother and a Tipperary father who asks this question.

Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat! Well might Chief Secretary Shortt ask in the House of Commons: "What sign is there of any Irish constitutional statesmanship to-day?" There is absolutely none. Meanwhile odium is piling up. Resentment rises in Canada and Australia; in South Africa, New Zealand and the United States. I put America last, designedly, because it is there that reprobation is strongest—especially among men of Irish descent, who are first of all Americans and soldiers of the great Republic,

heart and soul in what President Wilson calls "Humanity's War!"

Sir Percy Fitzpatrick voiced the South African Irish in a telegram to General Smuts: "We owe it equally to the honoured dead of yesterday and to the children of to-morrow, that we hand on the good name of Ireland unsullied as it was left to us. When all of whom we think most, and all who think most of us, are fighting for all we most value, there is but one place worthy of Ireland—the foremost fighting line."

Then Mr. W. E. Holman, Prime Minister of New South Wales, put shrewd questions to the supporters of "Ourselves Alone"—though the Australian statesman was on that occasion Mr. Devlin's guest at a luncheon in Dublin. Did Ireland (Mr. Holman asked) owe nothing to Catholic Belgium, or to Italy? Above all, where was her gratitude to the United States, now in the forefront of forces that was grappling with the tyranny of Germany and Austria?

I know no evidence of American disgust so striking as that furnished by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who has for many years acted as intermediary (and collector of funds) between Nationalist Ireland and the United States. Mr. O'Connor speaks out plainly with regard to "the enormous damage to the Irish cause which the Sinn Feiners have inflicted in America, as in so many other parts of the world." "I do not care," the veteran pursued, "to publish all the evidence I found, just before I left America, of all the resentment created by the men responsible for putting the Irish race in the position of sympathy with Germany. But the evidence is large and painful."

It was, indeed; and I propose to give some of it. Mr. O'Connor dwells upon the activities of "those pro-German and anti-English workers." . . . The virulence with which they maintained their attitude made them suspect, and even hateful. And the (American) anger passed from them to the race as a whole." Now could anything be madder than this reckless alienation of the greatest of all democracies—the idealistic champion of the smaller nations; a continent of fabulous riches, with a population of 110,000,000 drawn from every race upon earth?

Roger Casement, Foreign Secretary Zimmermann, and Johann von Bernstorff between them picked such hyphenate tools as MacGafferty of Philadelphia, Keating of Chicago, and O'Leary of New York. These and their like lent themselves to the service of a Power whom President Wilson brands as "the natural foe to liberty." Is it any wonder therefore that Ireland and the Irish became "suspect and even hateful" to the people of the United States?

Ex-Ambassador Gerard told the rabid societies of yesteryear—Sinn Feiners, United Leaguers, Clan-na-Gaels, Ancient Hibernians and Friends of Freedom—that Irish prisoners in the Limburg Camp were starved and doped, incited and finally murdered with fiendish glee by their German guards. But for a time the fanatics persisted. A flag of the "Irish Republic" was presented to Commander Wacker of the U53, at Newport, R.I. And that assassin told his admirers that: "When we sink the first English ship, we shall hoist this flag *in honour of Ireland*." Could besotted degradation sink any lower than this?

No sooner was America driven to war than the cause of Ireland cooled in official circles of Washington. The President had been in sympathy with that cause; so had the ten members of his Cabinet, as well as both Houses of Congress, and the whole of America's masses besides. Ex-Presidents like Roosevelt and Taft, intellectuals like Dr. Eliot of Harvard and Dr. Butler of Columbia were Ireland's staunch friends. But Sinn Feinism and indifference to the war shocked these men, and wrought a profound change.

This is forcibly expressed by the new American-Irish Constitutional Committee. "We are compelled," says the manifesto of this patriotic body, "to regard any Irishman who at this moment embarrasses the conduct of the war by England as trying to embarrass America. With a policy of such tendency, we must tell our Irish brethren at home that they cannot look to America, or to Irish-Americans, for any countenance. On the con-

trary, we regard such a policy as an act of open hostility to America, and to ourselves as Americans. Many of us here have sent our sons into the new National Army. And the thought is too horrible that, while these sons of ours are facing the enemy's guns, they are to be stabbed in the back by men of their own race in Ireland." No such voice was ever heard since the distressful 'forties, when Irish immigrants began to lay the foundations in the United States of a political power out of all proportion to their numbers.

The New York Times, reflecting America's unanimous opinion, calls Ireland's sermons and pledges against conscription, "a page of history which cannot hereafter be read without sorrow and shame." "It is nothing but the plain truth," declares *The Philadelphia Ledger* (a journal of great weight and sanity), "that we Americans will never understand the conduct of any nation that withholds its hand from this struggle, simply because its demand for local government has been delayed. . . . Every lover of liberty is needed in khaki on the firing-line in France."

"What are the Irish people going to do for the world in this emergency?" asks Dr. H. P. Judson, the President of Chicago University. "Will they drop politics and animosities? Will they join whole-heartedly with the entire British Empire—with the American Republic, with the French Republic, with the compatriots of Garibaldi—with every man in the world who loves liberty more than his own life? Will they throw into the crusade all their splendid Irish spirit, and the unquenchable flame of their valour?"

Alas, they will do no such thing, for spiritual vision is wholly lacking. The Irish are sulking like petulant children, apparently unaware of the volume of wrath and scorn which their pose engenders among the free peoples—with whom they aspire to take their place round a Conference Table, where Ireland's claim is to be "recognised" as a reward for her malignant neutrality! Even the American humorist gives up the problem. "The only point I can see in the Irish question," says the professional wag of *The New York Telegraph*, "is the interrogation point!" And when the Convention was sitting, the satirist of *The Chicago Tribune* explained it thus: "Lloyd George bids all the Irish factions get together behind closed doors. The man who comes out alive will then write the new Constitution and be crowned king!"

America to-day has no more illusions about Ireland's perpetual plaint and rue. Says the solid *Tribune* of New York: "There is just one way that Ireland can enlist America's sympathy. And this is by performing her part in what all Americans believe is the common task of civilized mankind. If Ireland will not fight the enemy, then the Irish people are out of court, and have no standing whatever." *The Washington Star*—by no means an Anglophilic newspaper—remarks that: "Ireland is to be pitied for the follies of her leaders."

Meanwhile the vast conflict rages, and these insen-sate islanders are more alien and aloof than ever from Humanity's War. Some day or other it will end in the Peace of Victory, and Ireland will have the effrontery to renew her ancient claims. What will the nations that have bled—the peoples who have borne the awful anguish and strain throughout these heavy years—say to Sinn Fein Ireland on that momentous day of Reconstruction?

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND PICTURES.

"Degas conduit l'Ecole française dans la voie de l'objectivité observation par une sorte de développement scientifique, de recherche absolue de la vérité."

THUS M. Lafond in his admirable work on Degas.* He is not alone in pitching on this so-called objectivity as a quality desirable in the painter's vision. Mr. Berenson made an important point of objectivity in one of his introductory essays, and un-

* Degas—par Paul Lafond. Plates. Paris: H. Floury. 1918.

less our memory fails us, it is the objectivity of Velazquez' vision that excites his critics' special enthusiasm. If by this word is meant cool detachment from sentimentalism and shrewd perception of unflattering truths rather than idealism and romantic glamour, there is little likelihood of serious dissent from these writers' estimation of objective vision. But if they seek to imply something akin to the metaphysical meaning of objectivity as opposed to subjectivity, that is to say a vision emptied of and untinged by personal and private emotion, then we might, not hypercritically, enter a protest. For Degas' vision is so fundamentally subjective, both as regards character interpretation and superficial things, such as form and proportion, that it never could be mistaken for what in this sense we take to be genuinely objective—the vision of a camera.

An honest photograph is clearly free from human emotion, and the bias of sentiment or association. We must admit that as far as scientific accuracy and actuality are concerned, the properly adjusted camera is completely truthful. But what is truth? Certainly the truth of scientific actuality is not the truth of developed human perception and apprehension. We could, indeed, understand and sympathise with, say, Michelangelo, if after a visit to the London School of Photography, at 5a, Pall Mall East, he took his oath that the camera is a most imperfectly true engine. For example, No. 4, 'The Combat,' showing two men wrestling, would probably strike a master draughtsman as a very incomplete rendering of wrestling, the essence of which would be, to him, flowing movement. He would say the same of No. 1, 'The Dance,' probably comparing it with the work of an apprentice, a rather raw beginner, who had not learnt to see. He would amplify such criticism by explaining that the possibilities of design in both subjects were not seized, and that though the photographs were fair, as far as they went, they showed only the most rudimentary perception of rhythm and action. It would avail little if we assured our Rubens or our Michelangelo that the camera could neither lie nor overlook anything that really was before it. Rubens courteously and the Florentine quite uncivilly would brush us on one side by the simple argument that as they could see, with half an eye, infinitely more than the camera had seen, it must be a most incomplete recorder.

We might on another visit to the photographs find Cotman there; we might ask him what he made of them, particularly Nos. 21, 'The Tempest,' 43, 'The Terrace,' or 71, 'Columns by Night.' After our former experience we should not be surprised if he too assured us that, while tolerable in their way, these admirable photographs gave him hardly anything he wanted and but a fraction of what he saw himself. If we pressed him to develop his meaning he would say that though No. 1 was called a tempest, it seemed to him like "Hamlet" without Hamlet. For where in the photograph are expressed the swing and the recoil, the living give-and-take between wind and branches? 'The Terrace' has its row of cypresses, but anyone, so Cotman would complain, can see that they are not alive: frozen they may be, or petrified, but they no longer house the flowing life we apprehend. And these "Columns by Night," why, that is not what architecture signifies; this is at best, our peevish master would declare, an uninstructed and inadequate translation.

And so we find ourselves considering what is objectivity in painters' vision and what is truth. Degas' drawing of a ballet girl, a woman combing her hair, or a racing horse would never be confused with a photograph. On the other hand, a snapshot of the Derby or the Grand National gives no impression of horses galloping or steeplechasing. It is very clear that we apprehend from what our retina receives a vast deal more than the lens reflects. Had Michelangelo drawn these wrestlers he would have assembled in his drawing the movements that led up to and will follow from the action of the instant chosen. Cotman, sympathising with the springing life of trees, touched by the mystery of columns mounting into space, would

express that inner life and something of that mystery. There are, of course, yet other reflections to be made in comparing the visions photographic and pictorial. For example, if we may judge by the London Salon's efforts in that direction, it seems a fatal overrating of the camera to set it pictorial subjects. For one thing, our ineradicable associations do not permit us to regard the camera as the organ of spontaneous and unstudied drama. So when we see in No. 119, 'Nude,' a carefully staged still-life and a naked model striking an attitude to complete the picture, we at once are conscious of artifice; we seem to hear the photographer exhorting the model to look pleasant, we repudiate the effort made to persuade us that this thing happened naturally. And when we are confronted by 'A Thought,' No. 70, a naked lady on a hill top, backed by woolly clouds, nothing will convince us that here is spontaneous inspiration; we are too sure that the nudity, the hill top and the sky are but a bag of tricks. In the same way we judge 'The Shrine,' No. 6, to be but a studio affair, an insincere and, naturally, unconvincing piece of posturing. To wring our hearts or touch our imagination a picture must, for the moment at least, convince us that we are seeing something true, something really inspired, even though it be an incident of romance. But the very word "camera" fatally excludes any such conviction.

But there is still another reason why photographic compositions and subject "pictures" are necessarily failures. To make a good design, emphasis of this and subordination of that are essential. Otherwise there is no significance. To give every millimetre of your picture's detail just as much importance as you give the naked lady, representing thought, or the damsel mourning at the shrine, is a disaster. As Whistler said, one does not sit upon the keyboard of the piano, wholesale; one selects the notes to strike. But the camera, with its complete objectivity, cannot select, and the toucher-up or wiper-out is equally incapable. Their safer plan, it seems, is to leave that alone which for success depends on subjectivity. A camera is very good, but not to shave with.

THE CULT OF THE GOAT.

AMONG the many despised things that have come into their own through Armageddon, not the least notable is the Common or village-green Goat. Time was, not long ago, when this was the most contemned of all domestic animals, a creature not to be taken seriously, the *ne plus ultra* of zoological insignificance. Superior folk hardly knew it, except by name, and that merely as a synonym for a fatuous person. The highest position in life it could hope to achieve was the shafts of a baby's go-cart in a well-to-do family. Here it was the children's plaything, ranking *pari passu* with their other toys—with the golly-wog, the teddy-bear, and the rocking-horse. A sovereign was a good price for it. Often it was known to change hands at a modest dollar. That was only a year or two back. Yet how absurd it sounds to-day, when the despised animal has leapt at a bound from its cheap absurdity and butted into an expensive front place in the lime-light. Just now £10 is nothing for a respectable specimen. For an aristocrat of the *genus* you will be asked anything from thirty to fifty guineas.

Such a price may appear extravagant; but one has to pay for being in the mode. And at the present time goat-keeping is the very height of the mode. It is a much the thing to do as it is to dig up your tennis lawn and plant potatoes. This is not to say, that, as a strictly practical proposition, your energies might not be more usefully expended elsewhere. But what matters that in comparison with the conscious virtue that comes of doing the right thing by your King and Country? Agriculturally your efforts may be largely wasted. Nevertheless, the sense of self-complacent patriotism is soothed and satisfied.

This especially in relation to tennis lawns. In relation to goats, it has, perhaps, less point. For let

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be confessed, there is some sense, apart from the sense of conscious virtue, in keeping goats. If the tennis-court is an indifferent potato patch, Nanny, on the other hand, is a good milk-giver; for her size, astonishingly so. True, by reason of her lowly stature, she is an awkward beast to milk. But that drawback may be, and indeed often has been, got over by making her stand, for milking, on some suitable eminence, such as a garden seat or the kitchen table.

The milk is excellent, as well as plentiful. Its only weak point is that it will not keep. But a set-off against that is the ease with which you can convert it into butter. You just put it into a bottle, give it a few shakes, and hey presto! There you are. Out comes the butter like a conjuring trick. Very decent butter, too. Not perhaps equal to the best Devonshire, but far better than what Mr. Middewick described as "inferior Dosset."

Then there is the kidding. This, certainly, is not all honey. You cannot safely leave Nanny to her own devices at these interesting times. You have to attend and play Lucina. The domestic event almost always occurs at night; usually in the small hours. That, in itself, is sufficiently incommodeous, even if you could gauge the expected hour with some approximate precision. But this, unhappily, is seldom possible. In such respects, Nanny is prone to prove a gay deceiver. She gives what appear to be unmistakable signs that her hour is come, and you forsake your couch and your slumbers to sit up with her. You sit up all night, only to find yourself duped. The same thing is quite likely to happen the next night, and the night after that. A patient friend recently sat up seven nights on end, before he had any occasion to render services. By that time, he was a physical wreck. But all was forgotten, at last, for joy that twin kids had been born into the world.

Now, by the fond but foolish make-believe that seems to be identical to goat-keeping, he is the proud "grandpapa" of these two frolicsome youngsters and his wife is their proud "granny." In all other relations of life, both are strictly, even severely, sensible persons. At the board of the bank, where he sits as director, he is the last word in prosaic matter-of-fact. She, in her capacity of presiding genius of the household, is a staid and practical matron, who never dreams of provoking and gives nothing away to sentiment.

But in relation to the goats, it is another story. Hurrying home from the city, his first words to his wife are: "Let's go and look up Nanny and the kids—what?" And off they wend their way down the garden together. "Come to its granny." "Would it butt it's kind grandpapa—would it then?" Perhaps this sort of thing is inevitable. By a well-recognized law of adaptation, those who consort habitually with particular animals are prone to develop certain marked characteristics by which the most casual observer may identify them. We have long known the horsey person and the doggy person. It remained for Armageddon to introduce us to the goat person. And one need not be otherwise than grateful for the introduction. For this species, though a little fatuous, is quite harmless, and even, in its way useful. Grandpapa and Grandmamma may be making no very material contribution to the defeat of the U-boat menace, but at least they have hit upon a not unprofitable pastime and have, at the same time, added something to the gaiety of their neighbours. Even at its most fatuous, it is saner patriotism than baiting Cave and interning everybody.

THE PAST IN PICARDY.

WHEN our battalion came out of the line it was to a typical Picardy village that we were sent: a village over-populated and over-militarised, a place reeking of estaminets and stinks, of artillery lines and old camps, of mud and presently of dust. A village where might be found neither rest for the feet nor

peace of mind. It was pleasant therefore—and, indeed, only tolerable—to make away on horseback, away into the neighbouring upland country where, amid the clover, the pasture, and the growing corn, the lark sang as in days gone by. There could be found a new freedom, a new life, a new—hope. In that windy silence could be obliterated the sombre, stricken world out yonder: the cobwebs were brushed away, the world, taking on a new shape, became acceptable once again.

I rode into a sleepy village. Facing the green and taking the stranger by surprise, a château stood, wood-encircled, with spacious open forecourt after the old fashion.

It is of this château that I shall write, because this and the d'Hautbois and the village and its inhabitants—all are typical of pastoral France to-day. . . . A short stretch of road leading up to the main gates was flanked on either side by cottages. These were old, thatched and discoloured. One was a bureau, formerly the home no doubt of a splendid and venerable concierge. Still a notice directed you to apply for permission to enter the grounds to that bureau and that concierge. As I viewed the château and forecourt,—taken aback and greatly admiring—a woman came out—a sallow, dried-up, toil-stained unbeautiful woman—came out of the cottage and looked at me interrogatively. A girl who had evidently been milking cows peeped round the gate-post of the home-farm. One seemed of a sudden to come upon the spell of the place. I asked permission to go in.

The forecourt was entered by plain iron gates that in their formal simplicity made an imposing effect. Thence a gravel drive took a circular sweep round a once-trim lawn. On the left, amid overhanging trees, was the entrance to the home-farm: from it came the crowing of cocks, the grunting of pigs, the lowing of calves. Close beside the house itself could be espied a gateway leading to stables built of grey and now mossy stone. . . . What was there about this place that made so poignant an impression upon the mind? A kind of tranquillity a sense of contemplation, a kind of sadness. It was akin to the quality some women have—very good women who have suffered, who treasure memories. For the house itself was not remarkable. It was long-fronted and high, with two projecting wings making a courtyard: of old fading reddish-yellow brick with grey stone cornices and a grey frontal. Front door there appeared to be none—it was a mere French window opening on to a rather silly-looking verandah. The whole effect, nevertheless, was formal, imposing, grave—why, it would be hard to say.

Perhaps it was due to the woods which formed a background at once grand and stately, perhaps in part to the delicacy of light and shadow that filigreed down upon the new green, perhaps to the silence, the restfulness of the hour. But no! it was something intimately of the place itself. Can empty mansions, can deserted gardens have a spirit?—then this one had. Something mysterious, something almost awesome. One longed to know more about the handsome château—its history, its inhabitants. I rode close up and round towards the back. A footstep was heard. An old, a very ancient man came hobbling out of the shrubbery on two sticks. Wizened, twisted and bent, there wasn't much left of him. And there was no information to be got. First he was deaf. Then he was not a native. He was a refugee—one whose village and home a dozen miles away had been razed to the ground. Evidently he had merely stolen out like some hibernator to bask and drink his fill of the spring sunshine. He went his way, mumbling, along the woody path.

The house remained—shuttered and silent. It is true the shutters, rusty and rotten, were breaking from their hinges. It is true that everything was rotting, decaying, except the actual building itself. You could peep in at some of the windows, at others you could only guess. Here on the ground-floor, looking out at the back, was evidently a kind of store-room, consisting as it did almost entirely of high cupboards of polished wood. And here was a foyer with hideous

wall-paper—great red splodgy flowers on a white background; and there the salon looking out upon the woods and gardens with—a glimpse—its formal leather-backed chairs, its once-parquet floor, its elegant Louis Quatorze writing-tables and bric-à-brac, its yellow brocade panels and its red brocade screen leaning carelessly half against the window—a curious jumble of ancient and modern, of beautiful and uncouth.

There was another thing to be noticed. In the high masonry at the rear of the house and in its centre was found the coat-of-arms of the family, handsomely carved in stone. A greyhound and a stag or unicorn (hard to say which) defied each other in noble enmity from either side a shield or crown. Some date was there, but the encroaching yellow lichen and the hand of Time seemed unkindly to have blotted it out. For the rest, there is little to say. A cheap-looking verandah, such as the French love, scarred the back of the château. The gardens, which, true, had never contained flowers, were entirely unkempt, run wild, and, in fact, gradually merging into the woodland and the orchard.

There was, however, a great expanse of lawn—luxuriant virgin turf—behind the house and opening upon a wonderful grassy ride which swept straight upwards through the woods for a quarter of a mile, losing itself at last in the deep blue sky.

That vista, that nave between clipped and solemn yews, was a thing to dream of, and to the explorer or the equestrian an irresistible attraction. Entering upon it, one felt the more its curious magic, its delicate, evasive charm. The now westering sunbeams fell in streaks and pools between the trees, upon the brambles and the hazel bushes, upon the grassy floor that was studded with anemones, with the wood mercury, and with the wild hyacinth. The spell that lay upon this place was of a silence broken only by the rare, deep notes of the woodpigeon, by the whistle of the hawk, by the crowing of cocks in the village afar off. A colony of rooks were tending their nests with ceaseless cawing and crying: nests wherein the young must have been newly-hatched. Half-way up the ride the sound of an axe striking wood arrested the ear and here were found two wood-cutters at work. An elderly man and a youth.

"To whom does the Château belong?"

"To M. d'Hautbois."

"And who is M. d'Hautbois?"

"A grand, splendid man, tall and aristocratic-looking; the father of nine; a colonel of cavalry both before and since the war; well-known as Instructor at the Military School near Paris; a Count; respected by all. His eldest son was in the regiment also. Many an autumn they spent here."

"Where, then, is M. le Comte now?"

"Il est mort dans la guerre."

"And the eldest son?"

"Il est mort aussi."

In this man's words was heard the cry of France, of all Europe.

"Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen are dead from this village."

"Madame and the rest—where are they?"

"Madame and the children are at Alençon (where lace is made): the next boy shortly joins the regiment of his papa and brother. Alas! We shall see them no more."

All was made plain now.

I cantered on to the head of the ride, to a point where you may look on the one hand far out across the upland fields now golden in the light of the setting sun towards the famous city of the past; on the other down the carefully-kept vista of trees to the wide grassy lawn and gardens where the home of the d'Hautbois dreamed away its life. All was made plain now. From afar off came the low mutter of the guns that were never quiet, and the rooks grew clamorous as they swept to and fro above their nests. As the evening shadows fell the vision became clearer. One could

divine now the spell of this place that was at once so interesting, so beautiful, and so sad.

At this moment I can hear only the sigh of the trees and the wood-cutter's axe as he cuts them down one by one.

S.O.S.

Help us, hearkening peoples all;
Heed old fearful England's call;
For her pampered sons, in hate,
Vow the ruin of the State.
Workmen will not earn their wage,
Nor let willing hands engage.
Police combine to break the laws,
And with rogues make common cause.
Firemen laugh when houses burn—
All would spend where few will earn.
While our bravest fall afar,
Here, at home, we lose the War.
Frenchmen, Belgians! stretch your hand—
Drag, us drowning, safe to land.
Greeks, and Serbs! oh, lend us aid;
For we fail and are afraid.
Italy! To thee we pray—
And will grant a Red Cross Day—
Send thy Romans; and, with these,
Milton's "bloody Piedmontese."
Gompers! Teach us how to work,
And to deal with scamps who shirk.
Sunk are we in sloth and strife.
Shame us into active life—
Come, ye kindly Japanese,
Raise us, tottering, from our knees.
Trotsky, Lenin! Save us, save—
Mindful of the help we gave—
Three years since we sent you guns;
True, you threw them to the Huns,
And for lucre did you sell
Many a cannon, many a shell—
Still, all that shall be forgot,
So you pity now our lot.
Turks! Forgive us, and forget—
Then we'll worship Mahomet—
Though we mispronounce his name,
We will serve him all the same.
Help us, Lord! Though scarce a man
Hopes you will—few think you can—
For we all, in danger's hour,
Pray, in case you have the power.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL PAGE CROFT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.
SIR,—In your issue of September 21st you make the following statement:

"We publish on another page the correspondence between Colonel Page Croft—away from his regiment he has no right to call himself General—and Sir George Younger, the Chairman of the Central Unionist Association."

I beg to refer you to the Gazette published June 6th, 1917, and must request you to publish an immediate apology for this statement which suggests that I am using a rank to which I am not entitled.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY PAGE CROFT.

15, Southwell Gardens, Gloucester Road, S.W. 7.
[We have not had time to refer to the Gazette, but we are quite willing to take General Page Croft's word that he has been accorded the right to call himself a General, and we apologize for the mistake. Has General Page Croft apologized to Mr. Leverton Harris for the false charges he made against him in the House of Commons?—ED. S. R.]

POPULAR CREDIT BANKS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On the termination of the war large demands will be made for credit—larger demands by far than can be met by the existing Banks.

The palliative advocated by Sir Edward Holden is "Amalgamate, amalgamate, amalgamate—go on amalgamating."

The value of this specific may easily be over-estimated, but, even assuming the soundness of all Sir Edward's arguments, it must be insisted that mere amalgamations will not be sufficient to provide the full amount of credits which will be required, if England is to have any chance of retaining that financial hegemony which it enjoyed before the war.

As Sir Edward pointed out, London has been the clearing-house of the world for a great many years past. This has been due to the influence of many causes, some of which have always been alleged to be :

- (a) A free gold currency;
- (b) Our predominance in ship-building and ship-owning, in other words, in our possessing four-fifths of the carrying trade of the world.
- (c) England's geographical situation;
- (d) England's deposits of coal and iron;
- (e) The supply of efficient labour being cheaper in England—a Free Trade country—than it could possibly be in protectionist countries;
- (f) The fact that our banking practice was better than the banking practice of the U.S.A., and was necessarily more efficient than it could be in bi-metallist countries;
- (g) England's accumulated wealth.

Without entering into the disputes which have raged round some of these alleged grounds for our being the clearing-house of the world, it is well to point out that some of them are no longer as effective as they were in the past; thus :—

- (a) Almost all other important countries have now a gold currency;
- (b) Our predominance in the carrying trade of the world is now most seriously threatened;
- (c) England's geographical situation may be seriously compromised by the influence of the Panama Canal;
- (d) England's deposits of coal and iron are no longer unrivalled;
- (e) England's supply of efficient labour is no longer likely to be either cheap or adequate, whether we continue to be a Free Trade country, or whether we adopt Tariff Reform, or any other form of protection;
- (f) The defective banking practice of the United States has been reformed;
- (g) The war has greatly depleted England's accumulated wealth.

In these circumstances, it is very essential that all possible efforts should be made to supplement and strengthen our banking facilities.

There need be no narrow jealousies of new banks on the part of those which are old established. There will be room enough, and more than room enough, for all and more than all the banking facilities that England can possibly provide without taking up any undue risks or financing any speculative businesses.

So great will be the legitimate demands for accommodation by the old customers of the existing banks, that unavoidably new customers will have to be provided for by new banks.

Banking business conducted on the recognized principles of sound finance has proved in the past one of the most profitable businesses in the world, but there cannot be any reasonable doubt that the profits of the past will be outstripped by those of the future.

Without attempting anything like an exhaustive list, let us consider for a moment a few of the grounds for

anticipating additional demands in the future for banking facilities which will yield handsome banking profits :—

The great depletion throughout the world of all stocks of manufactured articles will create an unprecedented demand for such articles that must continue for many years;

The remarkable development of new inventions stimulated by the war must occasion extraordinary activity in all kinds of manufacturing industries, e.g., aircraft, concrete shipbuilding, wireless telegraphy, electrical power, and chemical and metallurgical improvements;

The opening up of enormous areas full of rich natural resources which have too long stagnated under the enervating influence of gross misgovernment;

The extraordinary demands on human energy to repair the destructive effects of the vast world's war;

The tremendous stimulus to the works of peace which will follow the world-wide reduction of armaments occasioned by the cessation of the great German menace of the last half-century.

It will not depend on the bankers and financiers of England whether those great new enterprises are or are not undertaken, but it will very largely depend on them whether they are undertaken by England or by England's rivals.

Consequently every possible encouragement should be given to those who are determined that England shall not "take a back seat" in the "fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace" which will follow this great world war, in which she has not forgotten that

Her royal right in battle ground
Was aye to bear the brunt.

No honest Englishman would wish to belittle the great work for English trade and commerce which has been done by the great joint stock banks of London and the provinces, but candour compels us to admit that for some years past a feeling has gradually grown up that English Banks have not done as much for English trade as German banks have done for German trade.

This feeling has culminated in a sort of fear that the great amalgamations of the last few months may have been partly prompted by a desire to diminish competition.

Sir Edward Holden, in his speech on the amalgamation with his Bank of the London Joint Stock Bank, resolutely denied that there would be any such diminution, but we are bound to say that to our mind this was the least convincing part of his address; and it is fairly obvious that there must be less competition for new business, when the amount offering is so great that the resources of even the greatest banks will be strained to the utmost to satisfy the wants of *even their old customers*.

From every point of view it must be admitted that, after the war, there will be a great opening not only for a new powerful Credit Bank able to co-operate and even compete with the great continental banks in the greatest international operations, but also for more than one such institution, working in close and intimate association with each other and aiming at co-operation, rather than competition, with the existing great joint stock banks.

It cannot be denied that an entirely new bank, with its resources unhampered by past contracts, and untouched by past depreciation, past mistakes or past misfortunes ought to have a magnificent opportunity of getting an ample share of the flood of new and profitable business which will be available, when the war ends.

These new banks, and especially the first of them, ought to be based on popular principles. It ought to appeal not simply to the plutocratic minority, but also to the democratic majority. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," and a bank, based on a very large and widespread body of even small shareholders, would be

fully in accord with the spirit of the twentieth century.

This would involve the creation of a very large number of fully-paid shares of small denomination, without any further liability, though it would not be inconsistent with the creation of other shares with a certain proportion of uncalled liability, so as to amply safeguard the rights of depositors. The very large profits made by the business of banking is shown by the existing quotations for and dividends received on bank shares, notwithstanding the enormous depreciations which banks have had to write off and the huge prices which the big absorbing banks have had to pay for the banks they have absorbed.

Yours faithfully,
A CITY DIRECTOR.

LOADED COSTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have little faith in the ability of any Government department to organize anything on efficient lines.

Who, but a Government department, outside a lunatic asylum, would carry out their work on a basis of paying the manufacturers 10 per cent. on their cost?

I was recently talking to an employee of ——, and he told me that he had frequently been paid for a week's work, when he had really only done two hours' work.

He was engaged (among other things) on the repair of submarine vessels, and he gave an instance of where 140 men had been sent to repair a vessel, when it was only possible for 30 to work.

He said that the trade union time for fixing the periscope of a submarine was 120 hours. It was assumed that the minimum time in which the work could be done was 60 hours. Any time saved between the 60 and 120 was shared between the employer and the man. Thus if the man finished the job in 60 hours he would be paid for 90 hours.

He said that without putting forth any special effort he had finished the fixing of a periscope in 30 hours, but by instructions of the charge hand he had entered 70 on his time sheet.

He explained this by saying that the more men and the more time that could be entered on a job, the better it was for the employers, because they got their 10 per cent. on a larger amount.

There is no doubt that this is the real cause why such extravagant wages are being paid to munition makers. The employing firms do not wish to keep costs down.

We have certainly Government by "Koomposh" with a vengeance.

Readers of the 'Coming Race' will remember that "Koomposh" is "the system of Government by the stupidest."

Yours faithfully,
EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

WHAT DID THE FRENCH CALL LAW?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I see that in your review of the Memoirs of Saint Simon you say that the French called the famous Law (of Law's Bank and the Mississippi Company) "Lass." For this you have the authority of the translator of the Memoirs, and the apparent authority of Voltaire in his "Siècle de Louis Quatorze." But I think the French must have called him Laff or Lavv, and that the old s like an f misled the printers of the modern editions of Voltaire and Saint Simon. V and f are in parts of France indistinguishable in speech.

Yours obediently,
SCOTICUS.

THE STRIKES AND THE MIDDLE CLASS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am grateful to you for the "Notes of the Week," which, in your issue of the 21st inst., deal with organized labour.

Referring to past, present, and anticipated strikes during the war, I sorrowfully admit that, partly, they have been influenced by the criminal waste by the Government of the country's resources which should have been conscientiously saved for the comfort and strengthening of our brave young men at the front. But, undoubtedly, they are largely traceable to ignoble selfishness, and the equally ignoble feeling that, when such masses of money are thus lavishly and wickedly squandered, the manual worker should attempt to grasp a share. We should speak plainly. In strikes which tend to prolong the war—such, for example, as those in the industries of coal-mining, the creation of munitions, railway-work, and shipbuilding—the strikers are directly and deliberately aiding in the slaughter and sufferings of our gallant and enduring soldiers and in the breaking of their mothers' hearts. They are striking to win, under pressure of the nation's strain, a monetary gain for themselves out of the miseries and agonies of their fellow-citizens fighting for the sordid salvation of the promoters of these strikes.

The Police strike, and the possible strikes of the Firemen and Railway Workers form, at such a time, a shameful and righteously punishable violation on the part of the strikers of a public trust. The most exiguous intellect can cancel a strike if, as seems to be usually done, every demand of the striker be virtually conceded—forgetting that equity embraces not the striker alone, but essentially and predominantly also the community to whom the oppression of a strike, in every aspect, must ultimately be borne.

But will you, also, permit a man of the middle class to break, for once at least, the patient silence which has marked that class, by an indignant protest? Our apparent supineness has certainly not been due, in any degree, to undoubting trust in the wisdom, energy, or sagacity of the Government: rather has it been based upon a deep perception of the nation's common needs. But the recent acts of the mechanical workers are arousing our quiet endurance of accumulating burdens into acuteness of hostility to the spirit and insufferable demands of these men. The middle class has always been regarded as the main foundation of national stability; yet, through the past incitements of ministers in power or with the hope of power, with sequent acts and laws, this class is becoming gradually submerged under the sway of the aggressive manual labourer, who insolently arrogates to himself the exclusive title of "working man." In the interests of the country as a whole, the epoch of emergence of the middle class from the debased status thus attempted to be forced upon it has definitely arrived.

Democracy in its genuine meaning is a fine symbol of national vigour, unity and aim; but Democracy as generally and illegitimately employed by these workers is a degraded symbol of national disintegration through selfish greed and sectional swagger.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,
T. E. YOUNG, B.A., F.R.A.S.
108, Evering Road, Stoke Newington, N. 6.

ITALY AND JAPAN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Professor Ninagawa is an illustrious personality in the University of Kioto, Japan. He arrived in Rome in mid-September with the Japanese Red Cross Mission. He was interviewed by a representatives of *l'Excelsior*. The Professor discoursed about the different aspects of Japanese civilization: its law, its nationality, its literature, its poetry, and its religion. Little is known to-day of these aspects in Europe. All are more or less different from those in the Occident. Let us note what the Professor says about the future success of Europe.

He was asked, "What inductions do you draw, Professor, from the events that succeed each other in Europe?"

"These:" he replied, "that the Latin race ought to dominate in Europe, and not the Teutonic. Th-

Latin race is the superior race of the world. The Teutonic race must bend before it at every cost: must yield to its genius and its civilisation. The Teutonic race has never invented: it has imitated alone: perfected, it is true. But in every Teutonic expression, in the aspect of the men of the race, there is a remoteness that is certainly not a symbol of evolution, and of perfection—human and spiritual. It is true, unfortunately, there are many admirers of Germany in Japan. Against such admiration, and against Teutonic propaganda there are opposed to-day those of England and of France. They have published, since the beginning of the war, accounts of the events. Likewise, Italy is the Latin elder sister. Personally, I am convinced of that superiority. I have studied, and will study with profound earnestness, the social, the political, and the economic problems that the nations of the world are studying. I am convinced that to know European civilisation, Europe must first know the Latin civilisation—that of Italy above all. I have written a book on 'The Evolution of the Italian Nation,' and maintained that Italy in its own interest ought to make known its Latinity, its civilisation, and more than all, what it has done until to-day."

Yours, etc.,
THOMAS OGILVY.

Dundee.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS: A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Almost simultaneously with the first flush of pride British women experienced when they heard of our glorious military achievements in France, a certain section of the Trade Union were wildly demanding that the Government should act cravenly towards our foes. Upon more than one occasion these men and their very average intelligent adherents have nearly ensured national disaster owing to their having made exorbitant demands for high wages and other concessions which were ingeniously engineered in periods of grave anxiety. Not contented with the result of their unpatriotic actions, they demanded at the Congress that our Executive should invite Germany to discuss peace overtures which would have been an insult to our Allies, and degrading to our Army. Naturally, the question arises as to the status of these embryo statesmen, and what right they possess to expect the War Cabinet to ignore the war aims of *bona fide* working people who are determined to crush Prussia's insolent pretensions.

Labour leaders are apt to give a distorted view of trade unionists' ideas, who only elect them for a term to arrange purely economic matters. Yet, forsooth, some of these curiously constituted individuals are assuming airs of such importance that one would imagine that they had received a mandate from the people to conduct the nation's momentous diplomatic affairs. An extraordinary aspect of the matter is that the leaders of the clique who are madly urging the Government to "kowtow" to Potsdam despots have abjectly confessed that they allowed themselves to be gulled by a few wretched Russian and German Social democrats.

Notwithstanding the treachery of the Bolsheviks, and the foul murder of our naval attaché at Petrograd, several of the labour leaders threaten revolutionary action if peace terms are concluded prejudicially to Russia, a nation part of which is assisting Germany's desperadoes to fight the Allies at Vladivostock. If these men had their way, besides the dire outcome of years of sanguinary conflict, Russia with its potentialities for rapine, will remain the vassal of German autocracy, and Roumania will be left torn and bleeding at the mercy of Bulgars and Turks. These often wrongly-designated labour leaders are so impervious to the Allies' humane intentions that they utterly fail to perceive that if their demands were conceded, instead of Germany being chastened for her misdeeds on land and sea, she would triumphantly emerge from Armageddon and be more defiant and

arrogant than she has been in the past. Once more our home and oversea markets will be monopolised by the products of her sweated labour, both here and in her own domains, and owing to unemployment and its attendant evils, bitter discontent will prevail throughout the land. At the mere bidding of a hybrid of Syndicalists, faddists, and sacerdotal cranks are the disinterested sacrifices of our heroes to be made vain, and the bond and honour of the nation held up to scorn. This must not come to pass. Let newly enfranchised women show their men at the forthcoming General Election that although they may forgive the ignoble manner in which they have been kept out of skilled trades, and subjected to other indignities, they will not support Parliamentary Labour candidates who not only encourage Germany's dominance and love for conquest, but are a disgrace to their manhood.

ROSE ARMITAGE.

THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS v. MR. MONTAGU.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Generosity covers a multitude of sins in India; and the following extract from Major Ross of Bladensburg's book on the Marquess of Hastings will give an idea of the style of man who is thoroughly appreciated by Britishers and Indians in our poverty-stricken Dependency, where, by the artificial value that has been given to the rupee, the producer only receives sixteen instead of twenty rupees for a sovereign's worth of indigo or of wheat:—

"Magnificent in his ideas, profuse in carrying them out, holding strongly to the old-fashioned notions of the obligation to serve those who from a high station had fallen into distress, he placed Donington Park at the disposal of the Bourbon princes when they emigrated to England during the French Revolution; and there they remained for several years. He received them with all the chivalrous consideration that their rank and misfortunes would naturally excite in the mind of a man of his character, and to supply their wants he opened his purse freely and gave them unlimited credit on his bankers; he accomplished this with much delicacy, for he left in each bedroom a signed cheque book, which the occupant could fill at pleasure, without having to undergo the humiliation of asking for pecuniary assistance. It is only right to add that his guests availed themselves but sparingly of this generosity. His establishment in India was conducted with lavish expenditure, and when he returned home he prided himself that after nine years' toil in the Eldorado of the East, he came back a poorer man than when he went out."

Mr. Montagu and his relatives will hold up their hands in horror at the idea of a man of the above-mentioned description being given a free hand in India; but, nevertheless, men of Lord Hastings' character are welcomed with open arms by the outcast poor of India. Moreover, "I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W. 2.

BUREAUCRACY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—After complying in every respect with the instructions of the Board of Trade and thereupon having ordered in a load of coal, the victim reads that local authority is empowered to "commandeer" his coal on arrival—in other words, that he has obtained permission to procure it in favour of an authority which may not possibly be interested in its interception.

As a case in point, I have long had my coal direct from the mine, yet I was told the other day, when

receiving the necessary certificate at the overseer's office, that I am now required to take a proportion of the ration, for which I pay, from a local merchant. Now this merchant sells inferior coal at a higher price !

Yours indeed,
DILEMMA.

AN UNKNOWN PROPHET.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now the U.S. Army has so terribly (if tardily) avenged the loss of the "Lusitania" by General Pershing's recent advance, may I recall to your readers the subjoined prophetic vision of an unappreciated and wellnigh forgotten poet of the Queen's reign?

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

says to us, "Kinsmen, hail !
We have been severed too long :
Now, let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong.

Answer them, Sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan.

Now, fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose !
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these ;
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of Peace are seen,
And wherever the War-wind blows.
"A message to bond and thrall to make ;
For, wherever we come, we 'twain,
The throne of the Tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain ;
For you are lords of a strong young land,
And we are lord of the main !"

Alfred Austin.

And this, Sir, in Boer-war time, or thereabouts.
Said I not, "prophetic vision" ?

Yours faithfully,
ANGLO-AMERICAN.

Colchester.

BACK TO SERBIA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Surprisingly good news from the Balkans ! Several most important ridges between Monastir and Prilep have been stormed, and some others are so strongly attacked that their fall may be hourly expected. When all those ridges are taken, the Serbian troops will be able to cut the railway line running along the Vardar River, in which case all the Bulgarian positions down to Gevgely will be in imminent danger.

Again Serbians ! The immortal Serbians ! Like a sphinx they are silent for a time and again they rise to give a mortal blow to their enemies. Over 4,000 prisoners ! I don't know whether the people of this country do realise what an enormous success it is for a small army like the Serbian. If compared, it means really at least as much as the biggest bag of prisoners that the huge army of ours and of our Allies in France have had in a span of time of 24 hours. If only this successful action would be wisely supported by a simultaneous action on the whole Balkan front, then it may turn to a complete defeat for the rapacious enemy. It happened once that after the Serbian splendid victory at Kaimak-Chalam the defeated enemy was not pursued at all, so that a real victory was not crowned with the deserved and expected results. We do not know the reason of that—perhaps those who were at that time at the head of the Allied Army over there will know it better. I know only that the victorious Serbs then were awfully disappointed.

I hope this time the same mistake will not be repeated. The Serbian Army, loyal to us to the death, is very much depleted. Like children, the Serbs have confidence in the British and French. Therefore it is our moral duty to take care at the utmost that no Serbian soldier should go lost any more without a burning need, and no Serbian victory utilised.

Therefore, we rejoice from our very hearts because of the Serbian victory, but would be very sorry if this new Serbian move should not be followed by a general move on the whole Macedonian front.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
CHARLES L. EGAN,
13th Battery, A.I.F.

THE OBSESSION OF PICTURES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me a word of comment on the letter from A. E. Helps under the title "The Obsession of Pictures"? Mr. Helps repeats that a London magistrate not long ago referred to the picture plays as "the curse of London." I should like to point out that the magistrate in question, when asked before the Cinema Commission as to this, denied having made such a statement, with which he disagreed, and it is a little unfair that he should be continually saddled with something for which he had no responsibility whatever. In point of fact, the attitude of the magistrate in question is very far from unsympathetic to the picture theatre.

Mr. Helps also deplores the fact that more is not done in the way of providing educational pictures. Those who know the facts of the case realise that this charge is very unfair. The cinematograph trade for two years did everything in its power to increase the number of scientific and educational films, in the hope of improving the level of public taste in this direction. Many thousands of pounds were spent and wasted in the preparation of such films, and, indeed, they are now a drug on the market. The net result of all this was extremely disappointing. Audiences not only showed no inclination to see more of these films, but showed actual resentment when they were placed in increasing numbers on the programmes. In consequence, thousands of feet of beautiful and instructive films have been sold as scrap and other thousands of feet lie idle on the unhappy manufacturer's shelves. It is, I agree, a great pity that a stronger desire to see these films does not exist among the general public, but it is unfair to suggest that the trade has not done everything in its power to meet and foster that desire. Such films are among the cheapest exhibitors can procure, and they have every inducement to supply such films in their programmes, and the fact that they do not show them is a sufficient comment on the strength of the public desire to see them.

Yours faithfully,
P. POWELL.

"SUNDAY ECHOES IN WEEK-DAY HOURS."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—No doubt it would be counted old-fashioned and obsolete nowadays to let "Sunday Echoes" disturb our week-day hours, and yet one might wish that some words from recent Sunday "lessons for the day," might echo in the ears of certain Bolsheviks, Conscientious Objectors and Pacifists.

1st. *For Russian Bolsheviks*—"Had Zimni peace who slew his master?"

2nd. *For Conscientious Objectors*—"Shall we go up against Gilead to battle or shall we forbear?" and Micaiah's answer : "Go ye up and prosper, and they shall be delivered into your hand."

3rd. *For Pacifists*—"And there stood a watchman on the tower . . . and he spied the company of Jehu and said, 'I see a company,' and Joram said, 'Take a horseman and send to meet them and say, 'Is it peace?' . . . And Jehu said, 'What hast thou to do with peace : turn thee behind me.' And Joram went out against Jehu, and it came to pass when Joram saw Jehu, he said, 'Is it peace?' and he answered, 'What peace?'"

If the present-day Jorams are to have their way those words of Jehu may well go echoing down the centuries to our lasting dishonour.

Yours faithfully,
BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

REVIEWS.

THE BULLY AS GENIUS.

Bismarck. By C. Grant Robertson. Constable. 1918.
10s. 6d. net.

THIS new study of Germany's gigantic unifier is very opportune and far transcends the link in a series. It raises problems and propounds solutions strongly bearing on the present world-issues, while, both historically and psychologically, it is a work often brilliant, always enlightening; written neither from the professorial chair nor the journalistic desk, but instinct with a full and inner knowledge both of documents and transactions. We do not always agree with Mr. Robertson's pronouncements, nor can we endorse his immanent identification of nationality with race, Germany being an egregious instance to the contrary. Further, we find some curious gaps, notably with regard to Lassalle's influence, and also respecting Disraeli's great and commanding part in the Berlin Congress, which awed Bismarck into admiration. Nor is any allusion made to those two signal speeches which Disraeli delivered as early as 1848—penetrating prophecies and warnings of Prussia's real ambitions. Once more, it is evident that Mr. Robertson thinks highly of those "National Liberals who in the main seem to have been abstract doctrinaires far more than inspired visionaries," rightly regarded by the Prussian Mahomet as only pawns in his game. "I fear," he exclaimed in 1849, "the whimpering sentimentality of our century which discovers a martyr in every fanatical rebel." And again, "The character of the English Revolution is Freedom, of the French, Equality. French Equality is the will-of-the-wisp, daughter of envy and greed, pursued without success by that richly gifted nation for sixty years through blood and madness." These statements, which apply to Bismarck's wandering fires also, are true to-day, and characterise the opposed tyrannies both of autocracy and of unlimited "democracy." Bismarck at least saw things as they are. His idealisms dealt with national strength and perfected union and not with the vapourings that belie themselves in action. Mr. Robertson has given us some most valuable information about the "Reinsurance Treaties" of 1884 and 1887, but we sometimes feel that his book is overpacked—almost necessarily—so that the intricacies of intertwined knowledge occasionally prevent us from seeing the wood for the trees. Vivid though he is, he tends to lack the artistic quality, and the long panorama of developments tends to obscure the man who moulded them. For—Mr. Robertson will admit—it is character that creates events, not events that create character. In a word, this talented author is more scientific than imaginative.

Two central features emerge from his analysis. It is true, as he insists, that Bismarck incarnated "The State as Power." But in a far different sense it is also true that Great Britain has incarnated the Community as Power. The contrast is very striking—the contrast between growth and gratification. Our Empire has arisen from no laboured plan, but from the free play of character and initiative. It has come unsought, unbrought, unbought, and for that very reason it has stayed. It responds elastically to human nature. The Prussian Power—since Bismarck's death the Prussian dream of world-ascendancy—springs from constrained and constraining formulas, and most of its tendencies may be found latent in Frederick the Great's Diary. And the second feature is this. Bismarck, like the early Jesuits, condoned a double code of ethics. He would commit crimes as a statesman which he abhorred as a man. This Mr. Robertson shows clearly. But we should bear in mind also that unreserved "Democracy" inclines towards precisely the same duplex set of morals, adding ignorance to insolence. And in this phase "Democracy" spells hypocrisy.

Bismarck was born in 1815—a parting of the ways—and Mr. Robertson's long overture presents the troubled scene of German politics from that juncture

to the 1848 revolution. That "revolution" was eminently non-Prussian. Everything was talked, nothing was done. Bismarck, scanning the dim horizon, resolved on action, and his one great aim was the absorption of the living Germany and the dead German Empire into Prussia. This was never the scheme—as "Labourites" here now bellow—of the agrarian aristocracy known as Junkerdom. It was a racial frenzy. The Prussian race—originally Slav—was to dominate the others. The Prussian Crown was to overbear all formal federations, the Prussian heel was to grind all thwarters everywhere to powder. A welded Germany was to rule the European stage—by craft and force—as eminently Prussian. This purpose Bismarck pursued with unwavering will and unscrupulous adaptation. He stood really neither for Junkerdom (which he loved) nor for Monarchy (which he served), but for crushing authority—a caste that commanded and a people that obeyed. But in the furtherance of his plan—as democratic despots have done also—his titanic intellect overdid the part. He took up parties and dropped them as a parvenu does acquaintances. He played on other nations at once so subtly and brutally that he himself created the measured tangles from which his adroitness escaped. He thoroughly enjoyed the Machiavellian game, but he lacked the finesse of the Italian touch. At root he was a bully—the bully as exuberant genius; throughout, his motto was "Squash or square." And therein lies his condemnation. By turns he cajoled and blackmailed both Austria and France. By turns he both flattered and frightened Russia, though Austria was his necessity and Russia his dread. He set Italy against France and France against Italy. He pitted the Vatican against free thought and free thought against the Vatican. He sought amity with Britain so long as her diplomats were hoodwinked by him. He loved secret understandings, "reinsurance" treaties, and the like—means towards check and countercheck, and the isolation or humiliation of France. Above all, he continued the Frederickian tradition of so manoeuvring conditions as to make (and brazen) out any Prussian war as essentially and divinely "defensive." The Germans were never to seem aggressors—only to be transgressors. And so this man of iron played tricks with Europe like a monkey, or rather a baboon. When he fastened the dual alliance on suspecting Austria he said that it was her flannel shirt to which in a winter or two she would get accustomed. He had no love for her. "Our policy," he told his wife in 1859, during the Austro-Italian War, "glides more and more in the wake of Austria. A shot on the Rhine and it is all over with the Austro-Italian War, and in its place will come a Franco-Prussian War, in which Austria, when we have lifted the burden off her shoulders, will support or fail us as her interest dictates." This burden-lifting was, in fact, her subjugation and deposition. In home affairs, too, he was determined in all the shifting of federal arrangements and constitutional camouflage that Crown and War Office should be paramount over a parliament which was little more than a debating-society—a vent for words impotent against a bastion of steel.

The Schleswig-Holstein affair—admirably here outlined—was typical of Bismarckism. Things racial and political were so managed that Prussian entry into a bi-lingual territory became imperative, and the emasculation of Austria in sight, Bismarck's engineering both of the quarrel, of its alternative solutions, and of the futile congresses which paltered while Prussia marched in, was masterful in the extreme. Europe awoke to find an occupation which was an annexation, with the logical sequel of Königgrätz for the transference of German hegemony to Prussia. Then in due course followed that secret pact with Napoleon III. concerning Belgium, the publication of which just before the war of 1870 was to vamp up and varnish the indispensable "Defensive War" theory. And then came the Benedetti telegram—which Mr. Robertson proves to have been no forgery,—the débâcle of France, the possession of Alsace-Lorraine, and a long

series of manifold manœuvres to keep an irritated but helpless France out of the picture. For the great Chancellor desired no actual rupture. He knew that peace was necessary for the consolidation of new Germany. By every means, fair or foul, he consolidated it. The army grew with colossal strides, and Germany, striving to keep pace with it, was breathless with admiration. The Reichstag was reduced to much the same status that our own Radical-Socialists desire for the House of Lords. Every opportunity was taken by this dictatorial opportunist to found the habit of discipline and the discipline of habit. He was dead against any waste of energy in colonial expansion : all that he was bent upon was sovereignty over Europe. He would call the tune and the rest would dance, not least in his manipulations of Russia and of Turkey and his provocations of a feud between France and England. "Divide and Rule" is a classical policy.

His own end was a tragedy. He was degraded from his dictatorship—kicked into retirement by the young and graceless hothead whose megalomanias he had rendered possible. Bismarck called into being the monster that devoured him. But he also fabricated the monster that was to desolate Europe. Never would he have declared the present war, at any rate at the present hour. But he made it feasible, credible, popular. We cannot say "peace to his ashes." He was built of monumental stone. He is pyramidal, but the pyramids commemorate not life, but death.

KIPLING: AN ACADEMIC VIEW.

Semi-Centennial Publications of the University of California. Kipling the Story-writer. By William Morris Hart. University of California Press, Berkeley.

AMERICAN professors and teachers have of late years spent much of their time in gathering multitudes of facts or details in the world of letters and arranging them into systems. Thus they illustrate new rules or theories, or discover connections of ideas and instances of literary paternities which are to the average reader no clearer than the Thames at London Bridge. The worst of these academic collections is that they are written in an elaborate and elaborately dull lingo which is very difficult to read. And if the industry they show is remarkable, the results they offer are too often trivial. The novel and the short story are the freest forms of literary art that exist, and that very circumstance has led to their immense expansion in modern times. Poetry of the best sort has certain obvious restrictions in metre and vocabulary, but the prose tale few or none that can be definitely stated. All the rules or theories of the short story invented in America are doubtful at best. As to Kipling, when Mr. Hart has made his table of classifications, he adds : "No other critic would agree with them. And I am often in doubt as to my own classification." This being so, and professors of literature in America being innumerable, the precision which creates confidence seems some way off. Kipling's stories, as he happens to be particularly versatile, are "subject to infinite modifications," as Mr. Hart remarks, but their object, and the only one worth considering, is to interest and hold the reader. He is not an expert psychologiser ; he does not write for *Mind*, nor does he write for the *Lancet*; we feel impelled to add, when Mr. Hart explains that even stories like 'At the End of the Passage' "have not the study of pathological conditions for their main purpose." Is it worth while to tell us that Kipling reveals the virtuous side of the non-respectable and the vicious side of the respectable, or that he sides continually with the commonly misunderstood? The professor who is going to tabulate this attitude among writers of fiction will need forty volumes or so for his instances. The tedium of Mr. Hart's style and classification is the more annoying because he knows a good deal about his subject, and between whiles has some suggestive remarks which would bear expansion.

As for literary parentage, we have nothing to say to the idea that Chaucer ought to be compared with

Kipling. But Bret Harte, as was discovered long since, had undoubtedly an influence on Kipling's style. In both is the same insistent I, telling the tale, knowing all about it and much more, bursting with the importance of the ideal spectator. A better instance of this trick than any Mr. Hart gives is this from 'The Man of no Account' :—"And I shall never forget how we all laughed when Rattler took him the piece of pork on a string, and —— But you know that time-honoured joke." Kipling might have written that. It is exactly in his manner.

Bret Harte, however, was an arrant sentimentalist in love with Dickens's Little Nell, and always ready to throw in slabs of scenery between the vivid talk. We do not think so much of his style as Mr. Hart does, but he is a better artist than the writer of 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' To the early and journalistic Kipling with the horde of followers who have caricatured his defects, lovers of English cannot be grateful. He abolished the semicolon, writing a short, snappy, slangy English which reveals an incessant straining after sharp points. The 'Plain Tales' are excessively clever with a cheap cynicism which belongs only to those without experience of life. The semicolon and serenity came later to his work—see 'The Brushwood Boy' and 'They'—but the harm was done, and people continue to write in the vein of Mr. Jingle, as if that made them vivid. A born story-teller like Kipling need never have written so. Humour, irony, pathos, observation and the Heaven-born gift of implying things—all belonged to him from the first. He was so sure of himself, too, that he had always the air of plucking out the heart of a mystery in twenty minutes. His observation in India must have been unflagging, though it recalls occasionally Mrs. Mallows's reproof to Mrs. Hauksbee, "Lucy, I should like you better if you were not always looking into people's back-bedrooms." Kipling had not found himself in the world then. Genius has a way of being embittered in youth, and this genius certainly had reasons for being so, if the story of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' is "very largely autobiography," as Mr. Hart asserts. At that period Kipling was a "problematic personality," which is professorese for not a nice boy.

Mr. Hart has some advantages in being an American. He can appreciate Kipling's pictures of old rural England, in which he comes almost as a rapturous stranger to the "haunts of ancient peace." The author has also the American thoroughness, and knows his short stories of all times all over the world, including Chaucer, if Chaucer is a short-story writer. Sometimes his enthusiasm leads to knowledge which is far-fetched. Mrs. Hauksbee is "a kind of rogue-heroine, a descendant of the picaresque characters of the seventeenth or eighteenth century fiction." We could make a better case for her as a descendant of Becky Sharp, or even go back to that "rogue-heroine," Helen of Troy. On the other hand, being an American, Mr. Hart was not here to see the feeling aroused by the Boer War. He does not, we think, realise Kipling's part as a prophet and moralist of Empire—a role which did not interfere with the merit of his stories, but which made Radicals mad with him.

Again the Englishman's way of being flippant when he should bring out the poetry of high emotion distresses Mr. Hart—at the moments, for instance, when Strickland and the narrator had an inkling of the horror of Fleete's case—Fleete bitten by a leper and turning into a wild beast. But these touches to us are not out of tone; they are true to English nature. Altogether we think Kipling a master of the supernatural. We have read once more the story of the Phantom Rickshaw with the ghost in it of Mrs. Keith-Wessington pursuing her lost lover, and we do not find the ghost too "chatty." Moreover, it is to be remembered that the victim himself tells the story, and "was in a high fever while he was writing." Poor Shakespeare had not, we presume, even that excuse when he made his ghost in 'Hamlet' so excessively "chatty" as to deliver fifty lines of elaborate explanation and expostulation. The analysis of 'They' shows Mr. Hart at his best, and should be really helpful to readers of that exquisite

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story, a triumph of art and tenderness. But we refuse to believe that it has any moral. There must, we think, have been preachers in Mr. Hart's family as well as Kipling's.

One word more. It is silly to argue from a misprint, as Mr. Hart does in quoting a passage of Kipling concerning Bret Harte. No one is perfect in this way. We could show by Mr. Hart's misquotations and misprints that he had not "gotten up" Kipling. Which would be absurd, for he has.

JOTTINGS ABOUT DENMARK.

The Soul of Denmark. By Shaw Desmond. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

AS might be guessed from its title, there is a good deal of fine writing in this book. We do not know who it was that invented the practice of naming volumes "the souls" of this country or that, where the previous generation was content with "a description" or "a hand book." But he inflicted on literature an evil almost as irritating as the adjective George Meredith imposed on journalism when he sent forth one of his novels as "The Amazing Marriage." These travelling soul-seekers are perpetually exaggerating their points. Mr. Shaw Desmond indulges in sweeping generalities, and when he finds that they do not altogether square with realities, he escapes with the remark: "But then Denmark is a land of paradox." All countries are lands of paradox, since human beings are not turned out from moulds. Thriftless Scotchmen are by no means uncommon, and Yorkshiremen can be beaten at a bargain. Nor does Mr. Desmond mend matters by interlarding paragraphs about "temperament" with hack quotations, of which "the fact, as W. E. (sic) Gilbert has it, 'has nothing to do with the case'" is a flagrant specimen. He does not spare us, "Don't shoot the pianist," and it was with a sigh of relief that we closed his book without encountering: "Bang went saxpence."

Mr. Desmond has persuaded himself that Copenhagen is the most beautiful city in Europe. Well, Copenhagen is a clean, pleasant place; its surroundings are most agreeable; the Amalienborg has a fine façade; the Rosenborg is an admirable museum, housed in a romantic castle. But compare the Danish capital with Edinburgh or Bordeaux or Genoa—not Rome, Rome is too overwhelming—or Seville, or Stockholm, which last Mr. Desmond admits he has never seen; and the conclusion must be that his voyages have not been extensive. But Mr. Desmond gives no very definite reasons for his admirations; he is rather in quest of Copenhagen's "soul." He finds it at the Tivoli; that delightful pleasure ground where you can hear Tschaikovsky in one hall, a comic song in another, indulge in a mild gamble in a third, and wind up with some turns on a merry-go-round. The audiences strike him as stolid, and his psychological analysis is that they are "too curious to be moved."

The writer of this review, who made no attempt to penetrate into their souls on his visit to the Tivoli, would rather describe them as remarkably well-behaved. But then his experiences at the music-hall were more fortunate than Mr. Desmond's. Instead of looking at a man in a tank trying how long he could live under water, never an exhilarating performance, he listened to a Danish Marie Lloyd. The laughter did not run to guffaws as it might at our Palladium, but it was hearty enough, and the lady retired amidst vigorous applause.

Mr. Desmond admires the Danes, but he wants to alter them bodily and mentally. "Wake up Denmark," he seems to say, "cultivate a 'temperament' and 'fourth dimensions'; go in for emotional art; steep yourself in International Socialism; get a hustle on." Now it is perfectly true that the Danes are heavy eaters, though not more so, we should say, than the Dutch or the Germans. Large meals produce ample waists in both sexes, and with adiposity comes a certain lethargy of character. But the Danes are really demure rather than sluggish. They cultivate a certain intellectual shyness, which, as Mr. Desmond truly says, inclines

them to depreciate themselves. An artist or a professor never talks "shop," he is too well-bred for that. Mr. Desmond met Ada Larseng, and it took him some time to discover that she was an actress of a European reputation. The experience does not go for much, perhaps, since never from Mary Kingsley's lips would one have gathered that she was an intrepid African explorer. Still, Mr. Desmond is right in thinking that the Danes might exchange ideas more often than they do on such vital subjects as religion and politics. We are not sure, however, that these topics are ignored in their minds so completely as he imagines. The proposal to sell the Danish West Indies to America produced a considerable stir, and what about Danish Schleswig? Mr. Desmond barely touches on the point at all, but because the Danes are following Cavour's wise maxim and do not talk about their unredeemed territory, it does not follow that they ignore it.

The war has created, it seems, in Denmark as elsewhere, a set of get-rich-quick exploiters, who are known as grulashes. Will trading Denmark have to follow in their wake; will small businesses have to be amalgamated into big ones, and the happy state of affairs come to an end in which a dismissed clerk has only to go round the corner to find a new berth? Mr. Desmond prophesies in that sense, and the neutrals will certainly have a glorious opportunity, later on, of making money while the present belligerents are setting their houses in order. Yet Denmark may gain its slice of the trading world and lose its own "soul." This prospect does not seem to trouble Mr. Desmond over much, since he is nothing if not an innovator. He praises the high-school system, which has converted the Danes, next, perhaps, to the Scotch, into the best educated peasantry in Europe. But—and to him the "but" is most significant—he "has never met a High-School Social Democrat." What he considers a defect, we regard as a high testimonial of efficiency. We trust, however, that we are at one with Mr. Desmond in hoping that the co-operative organisation, which has turned the Danes into the most expert dairy-farmers in the world, will remain unaffected by the revolutionary changes that may be the aftermath of the war. Generally speaking, too, we prefer that the Danes should remain Danes rather than that they should become imitations of Pittsburg or even of Middlesborough.

THE CENTRAL POWERS AND FOOD.

The Iron Ration. By George Abel Schreiner. John Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

THOSE who expect to find in this volume a comforting proof that economically Austria is *in extremis*, and Germany not far short of that condition, had better not open its pages. They will be disappointed. The Iron Ration may be the last food in sight; but it is satisfying for ordinary human needs, and while part of it remains, hope of being able to make it last is strong and buoyant. Plainly, Mr. Scheiner finds that the peoples of the Central Powers are not yet through their ration. Plainly, also, he believes the British blockade to be incapable of precipitating the last mouthful. Nor does his economic mind picture Germany and Austria as reduced by war expenses and inflated currency to the condition in which effective reconstruction is impossible. Their public debt is, of course, increased; but the fact that they have borrowed, like ourselves, not from their continental neighbours, but from their own people, goes a long way to guarantee their ultimate solvency. This is not very consoling to those who have nursed the theory of two recklessly spendthrift governments tottering to black-blue ruin.

On the other hand, Mr. Schreiner himself is not necessarily infallible. For the first three years he carefully observed conditions in the Central Empires, and made his deductions. But a full year has passed since he was obliged to leave the scene of his labours, and a good deal may have happened in the interval,

necessitating other, or at least modified, deductions. We do not know; nobody does, on this side of the veil. Nevertheless, Ludendorff's wild gamble on the Western Front does indeed suggest that internal conditions behind the German lines are at least no better than they were in 1917. This, apart from the reports that have recently reached us.

From Mr. Gerard and other Americans who were privileged to view Germany from the inside during war time have come many illuminating glimpses of conditions. But they were glimpses of political personages and symptoms; nobody has previously given us so close a study of the purely economic and social effects of the Allied blockade as that to which Mr. Schreiner has devoted these pages. The intricate detail with which his record is invested is perhaps a little alarming. Nothing has escaped him. He shows us how the food-hog gradually learned to do without. He reveals the distress of the food-line, the rise and fall of the war purveyor, the true inwardness of the substitutes for food and clothing, and of the zonification of bread, milk, fats and sugar; he tells us how the cheaper places of amusement were at first cut down in order to reduce consumption of fuel and light, and how these were subsequently reopened because it was discovered that more real economy was effected if people did not stay at home. He conveys pleasant stories of how the middleman was eliminated and the hoarder removed out of temptation's path. The story is so like our own that to expatriate upon it would be wearisome. How the rich have suffered in the same proportion as the poor, owing to the democratic measures of Governments wiser than to risk inequity in these times of tension; how roads and railways were affected, how the German Government legitimatised war babies and their mothers, and how some Russian prisoners in Austria turned traitors to their country; these are all set forth. Mr. Schreiner's investigations were extended to Bulgaria and Turkey; and he has a grim record of the first battle of the Somme, viewed from the German side.

It is a book so full of facts there is little room for criticism, but some of the latter is interesting. He condemns "the swift descent of the British blockade" as "one of the gravest errors booked on the debit side of the Entente's politico-military ledger." He considers that in the winter of 1914-15 Germany should have been allowed to import all she wanted, our blockade effort being merely concentrated on keeping down her exports to a minimum. Had this been done, he argues, the Central States would have continued to live very much as before, with the result that "by the end of 1915 the governments would have been obliged to shut down on imports of food for the civilian population if the gold reserve was not to be exhausted completely, as would have been the case if exports could not balance imports to any extent." Then, in the winter of 1915-16 the blockade could have been exercised with deadly effect because production and consumption "would then not have been so well organized as they were under the auspices of the premature blockade." As it was, the early disclosure of the British "policy of starvation" threw the German people into the arms of their rulers, and, we gather, was a prime cause of the German people's acceptance of the "ruthless" submarine policy.

Frankly, we do not see much cogency in this argument. The German people have been drilled into thinking whatever their government wants them to think. We cannot see that putting off the blockade of imports till 1915-16 would have prevented the launching of the iniquitous German campaign in 1917; nor that it would have found Germany unprepared in regard to the organization of production and consumption, seeing that Germany had thought out all these problems very thoroughly during her long period of preparation. If there was anything wrong with our blockade in 1914-15, it was its lack of stringency. In the same way, Mr. Schreiner thinks fit to tell us that "the craving stomach of the Central States would have served the Allied Governments in good stead in the fall of 1916, had their militaro-political objectives

been less extensive and far-reaching." Putting aside Germany's "militaro-political" objectives, the reflections seems uncalled-for. But Mr. Schreiner, though his country is our ally, preserves the objective and "neutral" point of view; and for the sake of the valuable data with which his book furnishes us, we must not grumble if his "neutrality," like that of Dr. Brandeis and other "impartial" judges of the struggle, occasionally seem a little overdone.

ABINGTON ABBEY.

Abington Abbey. By Archibald Marshall. Stanley Paul. 7s. net.

A NEW book, without hint or echo of the war, is indeed a novel experience, and we don't know if it will make for popularity or not. Anyhow, it will please and instruct the many "strangers within our gates" to read of the way well-bred, moderately rich people lived in Old England before the war. It is all excellent reading, and the author knows his world well. Mr. Grafton is a widower, and a banker, good-looking, faultlessly dressed, who takes his business, his sports and his pleasures, in a leisurely way. He has three charming daughters, and a boy at Eton, and their pastimes and pleasures give us a glimpse, backwards, of pre-war days of calm contentment. The story opens with the decision to buy a country house that took ten years to find. We all know the house-hunting mania, and the pros and cons of this house and that, and there will be much sympathy with the remark of the 14-year-old daughter, "if there are rats, I don't go." This is a family given to nicknames, to all country pursuits, and the Grafton girls, who rival the celebrated Gunning girls in beauty, are out for enjoyment and get it. In this book there is no plot; no vice, no passion, only the love-making inseparable from the lives of very young and pretty girls that worry their devoted father somewhat to settle. One of them falls in love with a French Marquis, and the interview with him and the father is good reading. A chapter, a gem of pure fun, between two Eton boys, should be read by all boy lovers. The younger boy, alluding to his father as "Pater," the elder says, "I say, old chap, you must get out of the way of calling your governor 'Pater.' It was all right at your private school, but it's a bit infantile for fellows of our age." Nothing better of its kind has ever been written. This book calls loudly for a sequel.

HOW ARMIES ARE MADE.

The Business of War. By Isaac F. Marcosson. Lane. 5s. net.

The Making of a Modern Army. By General René Radiguet. Translated by Henry P. du Bellet. Putnam's. 7s. 6d.

PROFESSEDLY and outwardly it appears still to be the belief of some German militarists that American intervention will not thwart a German peace. According to the recent Hindenburg manifesto, we do not understand "the worth of a German's word." Taking that word, then, for the sake of argument, to mean in this instance what it says, the Hindenburg declaration indicates that he and others like him do not yet understand American intervention. Twice before in their history the people of the United States have seriously addressed themselves to the business of war. In the first essay they won their independence; in the second they saved the Union; in each they achieved that which the world at large thought the unachievable. Once more they have applied themselves to the same grim concernment, but with a solidity of resolve, and an expansion of resources that sixty years ago would have been scouted as beyond dreams. German militarists, accepting their own word for it, look upon this phenomenon as negligible. Very well. Therein lies the heart of their tragedy.

The Americans have done in months what the apostles of Kultur were convinced must take years,

and on the lines of Kultur—bureaucracy reared upon political servitude—it would have taken years, not to say decades. Kultur, unable to imagine a better way, reckoned without the alert American mind; the tenacity of the American will, and the insight born of generations of freedom. Kultur does not comprehend freedom.

In the organization of an army of millions where every day was of moment, the Americans have had the British example to guide them; in the teaching of that army to operate in the field they have found ready to their hand the skill and experience of the French General Staff, the best instructors in the world. The outcome is the American Army. Mr. Marcosson has given his mind to the organization side of the problem; General Radiguet to that of strategy and tactics as developed in this war. Both books are intended primarily for American soldiers. Each from its point of view is illuminating.

Organization comes first. Nobody can understand what an army can do until he realises what an army is like. Like the main bulk of an iceberg, the vast and intricate machinery which keeps an army going, which means victory if perfect, and defeat if faulty, remains out of sight. That machinery, however, when operations of war are in prospect, is the first thing to which the soldier turns his mind. If in the fifth year of the war the British Army is found still going strong, it is because this machinery, hugely expanded as it has been and against time, has stood, and today is standing, the strain, submarine attack notwithstanding. On that ground Mr. Marcosson, the American apostle of business, has found it worthy of study on the spot and first hand. The subject is usually regarded as repulsive; he finds it filled, as it is, with the glamour of romance. He has, as is well known, a brilliant and trenchant style; the art of grasping, elucidating, and massing complicated facts; the gift of explaining webworks of relationship; and not least, the appreciation of the power and influence of personality. The result is a book in which the fascination of truth outdoes fiction. Truth is here gigantic. Better than all the propaganda that disclosure fortifies and justifies confidence. From Tommy Atkin's socks and "housewife" to the provision of the biggest gun; in theatres of war near, and in theatres of war thousands of miles away, Mr. Marcosson shows how the work has been set on foot and from contract to trenches is never caught out. And he sketches to the life the men who have done and who are doing it. He always has a portraiture, an incident, or a story handy. Closely packed though it is with fact—Alpine ranges of fact—the analysis is human. Here lies the true wonder of freedom; the Kultur of servitude is by comparison nowhere. And the author is doubtless right in his view, enforced with much shrewd argument, that this schooling of the British and American peoples in the organization of war will be projected far into a better-ordered era of peace. War, which is waste, will, he is convinced, prove the great starting impetus in checking waste. The toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

If Mr. Marcosson's book is a tonic for doubters, that of General Radiguet, free from pedantry and replete with hints and suggestions useful here and now, will save many thousands of valuable lives. It is, above everything, clear, and it is well illustrated. Already it has contributed not a little to the lifting weight of the American forces in France.

PRIEST v. MAGICIAN.

The Sorcerer. By Gregory Saben. Richmond. 6s. net.

"By the powers beneath, I swear that through the physical knowledge I have gained, Evelyn March shall become my wife." These words are spoken by a gentleman answering to the phenomena of Jasper, the possessor of an odd million or so, acquired by the death of a former wife in highly suspicious circumstances. From these indications the intelligent

reader will at once perceive that Miss March is up against a very big thing; and so, in fact, it proves. Jasper is so far advanced in the Black Art that by pulling himself thoroughly together he can call souls out of bodies and oblige them to hold colloquy with him. This pleasing accomplishment he exercises upon his unwilling beloved, with such effect that she is brought very near lunacy or death. But through the timely help rendered by two Anglican clergymen with some understanding of the exorcist's *métier*, his diabolical machinations are defeated, and Evelyn marries one of her clerical rescuers, thereby cruelly disappointing a youthful lay admirer whose curly locks have been blanched by one night's brooding over her wrongs. Thus baldly outlined, the story would not seem to attain a high artistic level, but in fairness we must allow that it has given us real enjoyment. The rapid sequence of events keeps our interest alive. The subject matter is remote from all the problems which now harass our minds. The moral issues are clear-cut and allow no torturing indecision concerning the side on which our sympathies should be cast. The Church, moreover, is treated with the respect which is its due. Here is a catalogue of merits sufficiently long to establish the possession of some appreciable value. One error of fact we feel constrained to correct. Mosquitoes are, or were, both abundant and virulent in Paris during the month of August, as we know from tragic experience.

TEDIOUS.

Miss "Billie" Tuchaud. Her Letters. Censored by J. B. Booth. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

"DULL as ditch water," is the criticism at first suggested by these reprints from a Society journal. But the old simile is found, on second thoughts, to require some qualification, since the ditch-water contains a considerable admixture of sewage. The intention to shock is throughout obtrusively manifest; and the author is, at any rate, successful in disgusting. The preface has a modest reference to three writers, all in their way distinguished, whose influence may be traced in these "letters"; and in one case we agree. There is a certain similarity with the style of the lamented Victoria, due mainly to the treatment of what an older generation was wont, somewhat appositely, to style "the Queen's English." But something more than indecency is needed to achieve kinship with Sterne or Rabelais. In the whole volume we have noticed only one joke—the repartee of a fortune-teller caught out in a palpable blunder concerning her client's family relations. The tactics of the able-bodied shirker, the dismay of the police-woman who catches her husband kissing their cook, the war-marriage which ends in the Divorce Court, do not, we fancy, appeal to most of us as supremely humorous topics. When seen against a background of agony and sacrifice unparalleled, it may be, in the history of humanity, the effect is something like what we might suppose to be produced by a comic picture of the Crucifixion. Yet Miss Tuchaud and the horrible people who make up her acquaintance must be allowed the negative merit of inspiring us by comparison with a more tolerant spirit towards our imperfect neighbours; and, what is perhaps not so desirable, towards our (at least) equally imperfect selves.

DUX FEMINA FACTI.

The Wanderers. By Mary Johnson. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

WE always open a new book by Miss Johnston with a feeling of pleasurable interest, and we are rarely disappointed. But we must confess that the work before us seems totally unworthy of her powers and reputation. It is a collection of nineteen sketches, with a hint of re-incarnation running through them, ranging in point of time from the cave-dwellers to the French Revolution, and describing the services rendered to infant humanity, the discovery of the essential

arts by woman, and the process by which she was gradually enslaved by tyrant man. They are founded, as regards the earlier portion, on pure assumption or on false analogies from speculative anthropology and ethnology. Take, for instance, the story which tells how the cave-woman, living alone with her children, tamed a vagrant hunter, and founded the first home. Is there any wild animal of the higher orders the female of which lives separate and independent lives with her cubs, forming no alliance with the males? And if not, what right is there to assume it in the case of *Homo sapiens*, even in the most primitive state? Or take the story of 'Gata and Umru,' in which a woman first discovers that men are fathers, before which no importance was attached to the sexual congress. Here Miss Johnston will point triumphantly to the case of the Arunta. We must confess that we are not deeply impressed with the evidence in that case, not that we discredit the statements of the observers. In the first instance, we believe neither of them could talk to the Arunta in their own language; in the second, statements that a stone or a tree was the father of a child seem to us, with the due reservations, of the same order as the mediæval statements that the birth of a son was due to the prayers of a saint or a pilgrimage, that is, in the statement there is always an understood proposition which does not need to be expressed; and, thirdly, we have to consider the kindly politeness with which a savage treats the misconceptions of civilised people, and embroiders on them at will. Such evidence proves very little, certainly not the feminist position.

The writing of a book of this kind, with episodes from every civilisation from prehistoric Greece and Babylon to modern France, demands unusual care in the author to preserve the necessary gradation from simplicity to complexity of thought and language. This is completely successful; but what we miss in the savage parts are the curious non sequiturs which mark primitive reasoning: everything runs too smoothly. Perhaps we have no right to expect that Miss Johnston, in addition to cutting herself off mentally from the results of civilisation, should in addition adopt a new mentality: she has done enough, as it is.

A G.O.P. HEROINE.

Sunshine all the Way. By L. G. Moberley. Ward, Lock. 5s. net.

SYLVIA BRENTWOOD, the maiden whose image adorns both cover and front page of this volume, bears a strong resemblance to various young ladies with whom we made acquaintance long ago through that valuable periodical *The Girls' Own Paper*. Commencing heroine at the age of ten, she reclaims a young doctor who has grown misanthropic through the double loss of his sweetheart and his practice. Ten years later she wins the affection of several eligible youths, but remains resolutely faithful to her first love, the doctor aforesaid. Through her beneficial influence he has been cleared from a calumny which had gravely affected his professional career, and has also recovered his shattered faith in womankind; and the curtain falls to the chime of wedding bells. As a child, Sylvia, with her overflowing good nature and her quaint use of grown up, and often uneducated phraseology, is really a taking little creature. But she palls on us in her winsome and untarnished girlhood. The other characters and the writing generally may be fairly described as reaching a G.O.P. level. The war is not mentioned.

"OULD DONEGAL" REVISITED.

Glenmornan. By Patrick MacGill. Jenkins. 6s. net.

THERE is neither illusion nor sentimentality about Mr. MacGill's attitude towards Donegal peasant life. His parish priest is no Father O'Flynn, but a shameless extortioner and tyrant. His typical matron, though according to her lights a kind and careful

mother so long as her children are dependent upon her, exploits them without mercy when they become capable of earning money. His young men and maidens manage their social intercourse with that wonderful blending of freedom and essential correctness which is the peculiar glory of the race. But their matrimonial arrangements, despite an occasional runaway wedding, are matters rather of business than romance. Hard work is the rule in Glenmornan; yet its inhabitants are as far as possible from believing in the dignity of labour. Incapacity is to them the hall-mark of gentility. Sincerely loyal to their own church, they see no harm in turning an honest penny in encouraging the hopes of Protestant propagandists. Helpful and compassionate to their neighbour in distress they make it a point of honour to outwit him at a bargain. On the other hand, we hear nothing about the systematic gambling prevalent amongst Irish countryfolk; nor about that callous indifference to the sufferings of animals which 'John Bull's Other Island' relentlessly dragged to light.

The hero of the story, a Glenmornan youth who has made his mark in London journalism, is seized with a desire for the simple life, and returns to his early home. To work on the land and marry in his own class are the ideals by which he is influenced. But for reasons sufficiently serious, though bearing a partly humorous aspect, both prove impossible. The conclusion leaves him in a Flanders dug-out, intent upon a letter from which we gather that war profiteering flourishes in Glenmornan, while recruiting is absolutely at a standstill.

In reference to the cookery lessons about which something is said here, we would venture to suggest that they need not become entirely nugatory through the lack of a kitchen range. Most Irish homes are provided with "pot-ovens," and in these excellent fruit-tarts can be baked. Jam can quite well be made in an ordinary saucepan. The underrated Englishwoman, often with resources but little better at her command, has nearly always been equal to this much of culinary effort, and the difference is distinctly perceptible to anyone with experience of housekeeping in both countries. The Irish general servant is by comparison heavily handicapped. There can be no doubt besides that the monotony of the national diet, especially the almost total absence (except in tea) of sugar, does much to encourage the devastating passion for alcohol.

FICTION IN BRIEF.

'The Desired Haven,' by Leslie Moore (Melrose, 5s. net). This novel reminds us of the stories once so common which one used to read with growing interest until they suddenly developed into advertisements of Alexander Ross's Hair Restorer or Batty's Nabob Pickles. It begins excellently, it draws a most charming picture of child life, and introduces us to a number of lovable persons like Great Aunt Sarah Jane and Uncle Timothy, but when we enter on the more active propaganda in favour of Roman Catholicism the author's skill deserts her and the interest of the book vanishes. It is a thousand pities so good a scheme should be spoilt by an attempt to combine two incompatible objects.

'Lucky Mr. Loder,' by Guy Thorne (Ward, Lock, 5s. net), may be recommended to readers who prefer a full diet of sensation. In six months or so John Loder travels from the state of an undergraduate to the position of an international potentate. One is reminded of Cashel Byron on p. 50, probably quite by accident.

'There was a King in Egypt,' by Norma Loringer (Stanley Paul, 6s.). The heretic Pharaoh, Aknaton, has always been one of the most interesting figures in Egyptian history since his personality was revealed to us, and it is round him, or rather Weigall's account of him, that this story is written. The tale is about a party of excavators who discover the tomb of his mother, an Englishman and his sister, and a mystic interested in Aton worship and in pure Mahomedanism, who is tempted from his love by an adventuress. The romantic atmosphere is well preserved, and we can recommend the book to readers in search of fiction tinted by purpose.

'Bridget,' by B. M. Crocker (Hutchinson, 6s. net), is quite up to the author's best level. It is a good story of domestic interest, though hardly what we should call "subtle." The scene is laid on the borders of the Bog of Allen, and the author conveys the feeling of the country with her accustomed skill. Bridget is a lovely creature, hidden away for family reasons, which are only disclosed at the end of the book.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'The Foundations of Germany,' by J. Ellis Barker (Murray, 12s. net), has just been issued in a new and enlarged edition. It contains nine new chapters, or over two hundred pages of new matter, either fresh or reprinted from the pages of reviews and magazines. Mr. Ellis Barker is a most industrious and pains-taking compiler, not very original in his views or inspired in his methods of presenting them, but that fortunately does not detract from the value of his work, which is largely composed of or from unimpeachable documents. There is a good index. He traces Prussian policy from its first appearance and shows its ruthless continuity, and holds out a hope that democratic Germany may avenge its defeat on the Hohenzollerns. This book should be in every public library.

In 'The Poetry of Lucretius' (Longmans, 1s. net), Professor Herford pays tribute to several aspects of the poet's genius, though he omits mention of the most striking, that he is the only original great poet, with the possible exception of Catullus, that classical Latinity can produce. Originally given as a lecture in the John Rylands Library, it is well worthy a permanent place in the literature of criticism, and we are glad to have it in this form.

'Private Peat,' by Harold R. Peat (Hutchinson, 6s. net), is the story of a young Canadian, who forced himself, though unfit, into the first Canadian contingent and went through the trenches in 1915 and 1916. The book is well and convincingly written, with due balance between personal experiences and the surroundings in which he was placed, and we are not surprised to hear that it has made a great success. It thoroughly deserves it.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

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 South America (W. H. Koebel). Unwin. 18s. net.
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 The Teaching Office of the Church (Archbishops' Report). S.P.C.K.
 Twixt Eagle and Dove (E. V. Lucas). Methuen. 6s. net.
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 The Lay of the Land (Robert A. Hamblin). Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.
 The Tower of London from Within (Maj.-Gen. Younghusband). Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.
 Th Young Wage-earner (J. J. Findlay). Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.
 The Butterfly Man (Marie Conway Oemler). Heinemann. 6s. net.
 The Last Poems of Alex. Robertson (Elkin Mathews). 1s. 3d. net.
 The Love of an Unknown Soldier. The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.
 Verses Wise and Otherwise (M. Nightingale). Blackwell. 3s. net.
 Youth and Age (Claude Collier). Sidgwick & Jackson. 1s. net.

The
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OCTOBER, 1918. CONTENTS:

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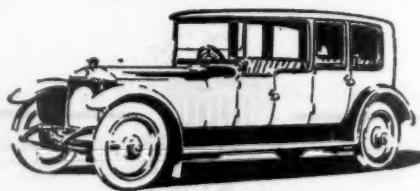
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MOTOR NOTES.

The Effect of Trials.

Reliability trials and racing have had an immense effect on the development and perfection of the modern car. Ten years ago, such events were exceedingly popular, and the cars which did well got a good advertisement. In reading through the reports of these old trials and the results, it will be found that breakdowns and accidents were very frequent. Many of the troubles were trivial, but in all cases they necessitated stoppages, sometimes of considerable length, which, of course, were entered against the competitors in the trials in question. Forty-six cars started from London on the R.A.C. 2,000 miles trial in 1908; nine were knocked out in Scotland, and two in England, so that only 35 reached Brooklands at the end of the 2,000 miles.

In dealing with these results we wrote as follows:—

"The car manufacturer is in much the same position as the tyre maker. He does not want to improve his car as long as the public is prepared to buy it as it stands. It is the competition of the other fellows that pushes him along—the knowledge that unless he keeps up with the procession he will be left in the race for trade. Such competitions as the "2,000" force his hand. The Club set before him a standard; his competitors show him how near it is possible to get to that standard. We want a car that will be as simple to run as a slot meter—something in which you put a penny and the mechanism does the rest. If it does it without the penny, all the better. No manufacturer that ran a car in the "2,000" can have failed to observe how far his production fell below the ideal, and one of the regrets that one feels in connection with the competition is that so many manufacturers did not embrace the opportunity the trial offered of seeing what their competitors were doing by nominating responsible men to act as observers instead of junior clerks, and, in some cases, outsiders."

On the racing path, too, there were many failures, and a considerable number of accidents, some of them fatal. Present-day motorists are reaping the result of these failures. Were it not for the trials and races, the weaknesses of the then existing cars would not have been brought so prominently before the notice of the manufacturers and the public. The immediate result was that the manufacturers turned their attention to correcting the defects which had been manifested under stress, thus making their cars more reliable. The buyers who studied the records of these trials naturally favoured the cars which had shown up best. This, consequently, reacted still further on the manufacturers, and stimulated them to fresh efforts. If a reliability trial was carried out in the present year of grace under similar conditions to the ones which were organised ten years ago, the result would be vastly different.

Most of the cars would score non-stop runs, and any trouble which did occur would be very trivial, and probably due to some oversight on the part of the driver or his chauffeur. At this period, however, such trials and races are not essential, for the war has proved one long reliability trial which has lasted for four years, and which is still proceeding. No doubt the failures are not brought under the notice of the public, but the men who use the cars and the manufacturers who produce them have gained invaluable data both as regards design and material, with the result that the post-war car will be far superior to anything which was turned out prior to the war.

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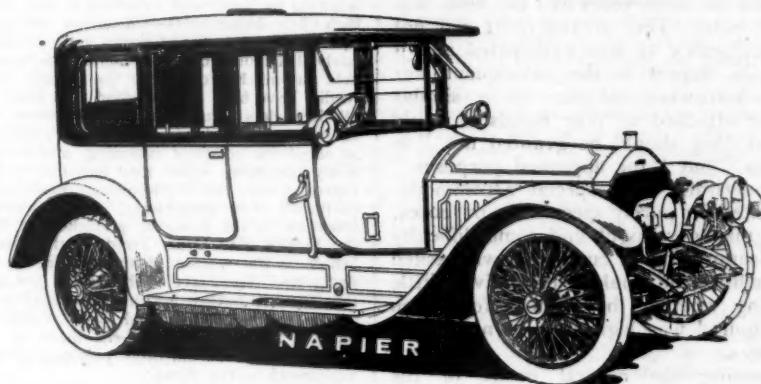
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THE CITY.

In all probability sales of National War Bonds would be considerably increased if arrangements were made between the Treasury, the Bank of England, and the other banks for the bonds to be accepted on preferential terms as security for loans. In present circumstances War Bonds obviously rank as first class security for loans; but firms which need to keep their resources liquid for prospective business purposes are not likely to be tempted to invest them in five-year bonds unless they are assured that the banks will make advances at short notice practically up to the issue price of the bonds on favourable interest terms. It will be remembered that arrangements were made in respect to the 3½ per cent. War Loan in December, 1914, whereby the Bank of England agreed to grant loans on the stock to approved borrowers up to the full issue price for three years at 1 per cent. less than current bank rate. This arrangement did not prove quite so satisfactory as was anticipated and it was not repeated in respect to the subsequent war loan. If special borrowing facilities of a similar character are to be attached to War Bonds it would seem desirable that they should be granted not "to approved borrowers" but "for approved purposes." It is obviously undesirable that special accommodation should be granted for purely speculative purposes, and while a bank manager might find some difficulty in approving or disapproving of customers who asked for such special facilities, he would find relatively little difficulty in deciding whether the purpose for which the money was required was legitimate or not in the current circumstances.

Without condemning the natural desire of the monied public to have a flutter now and then, even in war time (for the financial appetite must pall on a strict diet of War Bonds), one may reasonably look askance at the rise in such shares as Paris (Transvaal) Gold and British Platinum. The former 2s. shares, which, by the way, have no connection with Paris or the Transvaal, have been up to 4s. 9d., and in the latter case, although 85 per cent. of the shares recently issued by the company at 22s. 6d. were left with the underwriters—indicating public opinion of them—these shares, with 10s. paid up, have run up to 25s. This sort of gambling does little credit to the Stock Exchange or to the discrimination of the public which refused to pay 2s. 6d. premium for British Platinums when they were issued, but has since given as much as 15s. premium. The company may be quite a good concern; time will show; but nothing has occurred in the last few weeks to justify the rise.

The A.B.C.-Buszard amalgamation has been unfavourably criticised by nearly every newspaper in the country, and shareholders have been advised to have nothing to do with it. Seldom has there been such unanimity in the financial columns of the Press. But Mr. George Harvey, the A.B.C. chairman, easily succeeded in persuading a crowded meeting that the scheme was a good one for the A.B.C., the resolutions being carried on a show of hands, which relieved the board of the necessity of using their large majority of proxies. The chief objection to the scheme is that the present owners of Buszard's business bought it at a low price and are selling it to the A.B.C. at a high price. In the meantime they have greatly expanded the Buszard profits, and if they can infuse some of the same medicine into the A.B.C. the shareholders will have made a good bargain. It is quite possible that the new people will pull the tea shops out of the rut, and that the shareholders will prove to have been better judges than the financial critics.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.

IMPROVED POSITION.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was held at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt., chairman of the company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. W. Bretherton) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, recalled that a year ago he had expressed the confident hope that the improvement then disclosed would be more than maintained in the year before them. The report now submitted would have acquainted the shareholders with the fact that that hope was already in process of realisation. They had turned the corner, and were again able to present a statement which allowed them not only to renew the payment of dividends on preference and ordinary capital entirely out of the year's earnings, but they were also in the satisfactory position of being able to resume the building up of their reserve. The result was not due to any temporary measures or incursions into new fields; it had been achieved by legitimate increases in the turnover of every one of their five departments—Christmas and general greeting card postcards, pictures, and books and calendars. The increase was fairly distributed over the home and export trade, and the fact held out much promise for the future. Still better results could readily have been obtained had they been able to fully cope with all the orders actually accepted by them, but owing to the great shortage of material and labour, they had had in a great measure to adopt the policy of rationing, and he offered apologies to the many customers whom they had had to disappoint in part with regard to their full requirements. Each and every one of their departments was progressing, and he wished to call particular attention to the facsimile published by them for the benefit of the British Red Cross Fund of the Queen's letter written on behalf of the women of the Empire to the men of the Navy, Army and Air Force. They were proud to be identified with that historic publication, and he hoped a substantial sum would accrue to the British Red Cross Fund. For the original offer of 225 guineas had been made by Sir Charles Wakefield. Successive offers from other public-spirited bidders would be duly announced in the Press.

The profit for the year amounted to £36,353, from which had to be deducted directors' remuneration £3,039, leaving an available balance for the year of £33,313. From this the preference dividend paid for the first twelve months, amounting to £13,750 had to be deducted, leaving £19,563 to dispose of. The board recommended the payment of a dividend on the ordinary share at the rate of 5 per cent., free of income tax, to transfer a special dividend reserve fund the sum of £5,000, and to carry forward £2,063. The reserve would stand at £50,243. The balance-sheet of their Paris branch reached them too late for inclusion in the present accounts, which would otherwise have shown a still more favourable result.

Nearly five months of the new financial year had already elapsed, and it was not difficult to give an intelligent forecast of their probable doings during the present year. The despatches of goods to date already considerably exceeded those of the corresponding first five months of last year. (Cheers.)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in seconding the resolution, said the directors particularly felicitated themselves upon the good showing they made this year, because, knowing, as they did, that the dividends made a considerable difference in the income of many of their shareholders, it was no pleasant task to have to do with those they had done in the last three years, namely, to say that no dividend was available. This year they had turned the corner and the prospects for the future were even more bright than those in the present. The position as regarded business in America had been a great source of trouble, and the chairman had struggled hard to cope with the difficulties there. Fortunately year by year they had seen the trouble that was coming and had written off losses so that now they were in the happy position that when peace prevailed and general success came they could go forward by leaps and bounds. (Cheers.)

The report was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Gustave Tuck, in moving the re-election of the retiring directors, referred to the departments of the business for which he was personally responsible. He said that though the difficulty in obtaining the necessary labour and material had been very severe last year, they had beaten all record in the sale of children's books, and as showing their popularity, he mentioned that the entire edition of Father Tuck's Annual, which this year completed its twenty-first birthday, was already out of print. The company's various other books were meeting with equal success. Their business in calendars had exceeded all expectations and it would be difficult to supply the orders that had been pouring in. This was undoubtedly due to the fact that they were able to put something like 300 new designs before their customers and the fact that the larger portion of them were already out of print testified to their popularity. (Cheers.)

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AERATED BREAD COMPANY.

AMALGAMATION WITH BUSZARDS AGREED TO.

AN EXTRA-ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Aerated Bread Company, Ltd., was held on the 23rd inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., for the purpose of confirming a provisional agreement entered into by the directors for the amalgamation of the company's business with that of Messrs. W. and G. Buszard, Ltd. Mr. George Harvey (the chairman) presided.

The Chairman, in moving the necessary resolutions, said that when he addressed the shareholders in November last he had to point to a very serious loss as the result of the previous financial year, and to the fact that the general position of the company was not by any means hopeful. The company had felt the steady pressure of competition for some years, and their shops and general service conditions were allowed to remain in a very backward state. It was because the company had for so many years been directed along the lines of least resistance that the directors were constrained to come before the shareholders with a proposition to which they had given much thought and attention, and which they were confident would make for the future prosperity of the business. The question of the advisability of linking up their business with that of some other company had been under consideration by the board on various occasions. The directors had felt, in view of the continuing necessity to raise wages, and the alarming rate of increase in all other expenses, that they must consider seriously the advisability of having some adjunct to their business which would raise its tone and give it more life and elasticity than could be obtained by adhering to the tea-shop business pure and simple on A.B.C. lines. In addition to this they had been struggling with insufficient working capital, and, though their bankers financed the company to the extent of £80,000, it almost seemed at one time as if they were reaching the end of their resources. In November last the directors were given leave to issue the balance of the unissued shares and to pledge, if necessary, the company's securities. If that permission had been exercised the issue would have had to be in the region of 25s. per share.

IMPROVED POSITION.

He was pleased to state that a great change for the better set in after certain administrative changes were made, and this had continued, so that the company's position had been greatly improved. The unissued shares were now being offered at 45s. instead of 25s., and the directors hold a guarantee, free of underwriting costs, that any shares not taken up by the shareholders would be paid for at that price. In November they would have secured a doubtful capital sum of £71,307, whereas they now secured a certain capital sum of £123,353. Still, he was anything but satisfied. He looked upon much of the company's seeming prosperity as intangible, and it behoved them to do all in their power to remove that intangibility and put on a firm basis their new lease of life as well as the prospect of bettering it. Their last published accounts were bad. Induced, possibly, by the position which seemed to be disclosed by them, an offer was made to absorb the A.B.C. quite recently by a well-known company, the particulars of which were given in the daily papers. The proposition made by them took the form of settling the value of this company's business on the figures appearing in the last published accounts, and then offering to pay the A.B.C. out in shares which had recently very considerably advanced in market value. The directors gave the proposition quite close consideration, but it was not one on which they could seriously consult the shareholders (Hear, hear). At about the same time the present negotiations commenced. The directors wished, as he was sure the shareholders wished, to preserve the company's entity and to bring into conjunction with it the business of Buszards, in order to raise their level. (Hear, hear.)

BUSZARD'S PROGRESS.

Buszard's business, under its present management, had gone ahead at a phenomenal pace, and this without taking any thought of the export and outside catering business, which the exigencies of the war had entirely eliminated. It was an old business which was allowed to sag, much in the same way as their own had done, and similar methods of resuscitation applied to both businesses. Buszards had gone ahead with extraordinary rapidity. They were very short of room for development, while the A.B.C. had a great site at Camden Town, in addition to 140 retail shops, mostly in good positions, many of the best of which were not doing anything like the business of which they were capable. The directors proposed to develop the products of Buszards along with their own in their shops, and to maintain their quality and reputation to the utmost in doing so by utilising a staff trained to their class of business as a special department. They proposed to take certain of the A.B.C. depots, two or three at a time, and to improve service conditions to the extent that their employees, as well as their customers, would be better pleased than they could be at present. The increased turnover would give them all the profit they needed, and he was absolutely confident that the step contemplated was a good and proper one. The composition of the new board was at the outset suggested at five—three from this company and two from Buszards. The unissued shares would produce, as he had said, a capital sum of £123,353 therewith to redeem liabilities of all kinds and leave a considerable margin for further necessary working capital. They were to take over Buszard's assets, including freeholds, long leases, buildings, plant, etc., at a valuation made at their joint request account for the issue of 75,000 new shares. These worked out

at slightly over 45s. per share, and 45s. was fixed for the unissued shares of the company's present capital. The premises had recently been added to in Oxford Street by purchase of freeholds, and fresh leases had been arranged on the leasehold portion abutting on Ramillies Street to make the site a perfectly complete block. In the books of neither company was there any account taken of goodwill. When he told them that the turnover of Buszard's business was now at the rate of 25 per cent. of that of the A.B.C. and that it had the advantage of being under one roof, the shareholders would form an idea of why they made a point of that item.

MODERNISING THE BUSINESS.

The directors had placed an extensive order for new machinery and up-to-date plant; the scheme for the re-modelling of the Camden Town central dépôt was well forward, and they had in view the absolute necessity to reconstruct the service arrangements of many of their shops, which were utterly antiquated, the total outlay requiring a much larger sum than could possibly be acquired by the slow and doubtful methods of saving from revenue. He was quite sure the shareholders would be perfectly satisfied with the first joint account which the directors hoped to submit before the end of the year and which, he thought, would prove that what the directors had been at some pains to recommend was a step that held out great prospects of a progressive future. Although one particular newspaper had indulged in hostile criticism, he thought the criticisms of the Press generally in regard to the scheme had not been unfair. The business of Buszards was started about a century ago. It always bore a good name for its products, and until recent years appeared to have made substantial profits, and it did not appear to be any concern of theirs how the financial side of the business was conducted under private ownership before the present company of W. and G. Buszard, Ltd., took it over. One fact might be mentioned, and that was that when a receiver was in possession a substantial profit was shown, which, to say the least of it, was significant. He might add that his colleague, Mr. Lorden, went very carefully into every detail, and the only query he was able to make was on the valuation of the buildings themselves. He considered there was room for criticism to the extent of some £16,000, judging by pre-war standard, but then that standard was very different from the one they were obliged to consider to-day. The block was now a complete whole, and all conflicting interests had been bought out. It carried no liability for expenditure, for that liability had been met by rebuilding the portion in Ramillies Street. It should be borne in mind that the A.B.C. were proposing to pay no cash for those assets, but 75,000 of their new £1 shares, and for those 75,000 shares they obtained property and other assets representing £175,000. Their critics inferred that these shares were intrinsically worth about £3, but where did they get this value for them from—the last published accounts, or those before that, or those before that? The shares had been recently bought by people who believed in the fusion.

"NEW BLOOD AND PROGRESSIVE MANAGEMENT."

He told them confidently that with new blood and vigorous and progressive management the joint company would get out of the rut of past decades, but if the shareholders listened to those who might have other interests to serve they never would do so. He would be bitterly disappointed if the contemplated change did not put up the value of those shares well beyond the present price. Personally, he was of the emphatic opinion that, with vigorous management such as they meant to apply to the business, there was no reasonable limit to the result of the combination. (Applause.) The directors thought the price in shares they were proposing to pay was justified, and if he had any misgiving even now, after all the criticism that had been offered, he would not go on for an instant, but he had none. He might add that the shares represented by the purchase of assets were to be held for dividend purposes, whether Treasury sanction was obtained or not. The directors had been entrusted with a larger number of proxies than usual, and although they believed that they had a clear surplus in proxies alone to carry the scheme, it had been decided to submit the question contained in the provisional agreement respecting the 50,000 £1 shares which Messrs. Buszards had the option to subscribe for hereafter to an independent chartered accountant—namely, Sir William Peat, or, failing him, to a gentleman to be named by the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants—whose decision would be binding on all parties. (Applause.)

Sir Ernest Spencer seconded the resolutions.

SHAREHOLDERS' VIEWS.

Mr. C. P. Jones moved, as an amendment, that the approval of the provisional agreement be subject to a committee of shareholders reporting in favour of the project at an adjourned meeting.

The Chairman, however, said he could not accept such an amendment, as the meeting was called for a specific purpose, and the resolutions must either be accepted or rejected.

Mr. Chamberlain, speaking in support of the resolutions, said that the proposal now being made by the directors foreshadowed changes which were very much required. There was not the least doubt that something should be done to make the company's depots more popular.

Mr. French, Mr. Walker and Mr. Sitner also supported the proposal.

After some further discussion the resolutions were put, and on a show of hands carried by a large majority.

SUMATRA CONSOLIDATED RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED.

THE NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on the 26th inst. at 38, Eastcheap, E.C., Mr. P. E. Hervey, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: This report marks the first break since the Company was formed in 1909, not in its earning power, as the accounts are proof to the contrary, but in the board's ability to make the profits available for the immediate benefit of the members, and it is with great regret that the board has come to the conclusion that in present circumstances it would not be justified in recommending any further dividend in respect of the year to 30th April last. Things have gone well, both in the cultivation of the estate and in the quantity and quality of the rubber harvested, but our affairs are seriously affected by the action of different governments in regulating freight and in the enforcement of abnormal taxation, as well as by artificial movements in exchange and high premium for insurance against war risks.

There is cause for satisfaction in the fact that, in spite of all these troubles, the industry generally and the affairs of this company have been carried on with success during over four years of hostilities. The amount we paid in dividends during that period amounted to 75 per cent. on our capital, while large levies were made on the company for taxation. The net earnings were £149,480, of which £72,924 were appropriated for dividends, the larger part of the remainder being required for excess profits duty. Therefore success in a high degree has crowned our efforts, but we cannot, any more than others, escape the effects of this disastrous war, and the factor so adversely affecting us is the loss of shipping caused by submarine warfare. This loss not only reduces the amount of freight space from England to Singapore, but reacts on the traffic to the U.S.A., by far the chief customer for the world's output of rubber, the import in 1917 being about 180,000 tons. The U.S.A. Government limited the export of rubber in the months May-July to 25,000 tons, and this restriction has been continued for August and September.

Practical evidence of the good condition of the estate is the yield per acre, which for the whole year was just over 400 lbs. This calculation includes the figure for April, which was only 50,500 lbs. as compared with 61,000 lbs. in the previous month. Succeeding months have ranged from 43,000 lbs. to 53,000 lbs. per month. This reduction was made under the orders of the board, as in view of the scarcity of freight we decided, in accordance with the scheme adopted by the principal producing companies, to restrict the output for the current season to 600,000 lbs. This will entail a higher cost of production, and it will not be possible at present to repeat the favourable figures of the last year or two. At the same time we have no hesitation in carrying out this policy, as there is no object in producing an excess of rubber for which there is no market. The manager thoroughly realises the need for the most rigid economy, and has already, at the request of the board, revised the estimates for the current season on both revenue and capital account. The earnings of the season are good and there is reason to be satisfied with a profit of £38,643 obtained from a crop of 704,490 lbs. of rubber, the highest output so far obtained from the estate, the area in tapping being 1,730 acres, leaving 420 acres still untapped. There has been no extension of planting during the year, as it was considered desirable to confine operations to the existing area of 2,150 acres. We shipped to England 110,000 lbs. and to the U.S.A. 292,120 lbs., and sold for delivery in Singapore 302,270 lbs.; the net average price was 1s. 10d. per lb. The cost of production has been kept at a low figure, 7.6d. per lb., in spite of the fall in Dutch exchange towards the end of the book year. The price of rubber since the closing date of these accounts has fallen to a considerable extent, the quotation for delivery in Singapore being 1s. 1d. per lb. for smoked sheet, whilst the price in London is 2s. 1d. per lb. for sheet and 2s. 2d. per lb. for crepe. The stock of rubber in warehouse in the United Kingdom on the 31st August was estimated at 13,638 tons, as compared with 13,450 tons at the same date last year. I have no fears for the future of the rubber industry, or in particular for the welfare of this company, as I firmly believe that under normal conditions a well founded estate such as this, which has the advantage of a railway running through it, will more than hold its own in competition. The Sumatra Proprietary, in which we have such a large stake, has found itself in need of temporary assistance, and to protect our interests, which are so considerable, we have advanced certain sums for upkeep. In addition to the shares and debentures set out in the balance-sheet, I find that over 14,000 shares of the Proprietary Co. are held by shareholders of the Sumatra Consolidated Rubber Estates, so that more than 22,000 shares or about one-third of the Proprietary issue, are in ownership by the Sumatra Consolidated. The Rubber Growers' Association appointed a committee to lay before the Secretary of State for the Colonies a memorandum as to the difficulties of the trade brought about by the war, with a view to some Government action being taken for assistance by way of regulation. As the whole matter is still under consideration I am not able to give you any information on the subject, but I am in hopes some good may result, as the present trouble is more political than commercial, and so seems to call for Government help.

With regard to rubber consumption in manufacture, I have only to remind you that mechanical traction has come to stay, and depends on the free supply of rubber for tyres to an enormous extent. There are many other industries which require rubber in substantial quantities.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman and directors and to the staff in the East.

The ANNUAL REPORT of the GENERAL MINING & FINANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

(Incorporated in the Transvaal) for the year ended 31st December, 1917, states that the working profit, after deducting administration expenses, interest, etc., amounted to £52,301 19s. 2d. After providing for £8,157 11s. 10d. loss on mining ventures and house property realised, a balance (being profit for the year) is carried to Balance Sheet of £44,144 7s. 4d. To this must be added the unappropriated profit brought forward from the previous year, making a total credit to Appropriation Account of £49,237 12s. 9d.

The Corporation's holdings of shares and debentures of other companies reflect a total depreciation of £1,094,145 if taken at the prices obtaining on 31st December last. This depreciation does not represent a realised loss, but any material improvement is largely contingent on the re-financing of certain of the Companies under the Corporation's control which require additional working capital for the recommencement and continued prosecution of mining operations. It is improbable that these financial arrangements will be practicable until after the termination of the War.

With regard to the operations for the past financial year of the producing companies managed by the Corporation, it is pointed out that the considerably enhanced prices of mining supplies, and the periodical additions to the War Bonus paid to every class of white worker as a consequence of the increased cost of living, combined with the acute shortage of native labour experienced during the year, were additional burdens felt by even the richer mines, but represented a very serious problem indeed for the lower grade propositions. Naturally, this decreased standard of earnings has been reflected in the revenue of the Corporation for the year from dividends, as also in the depreciation of the market value of its shareholdings in the subsidiary companies concerned.

Copies of the full report and accounts can be obtained at the London Office of the Corporation, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Millais's Mammals of Great Britain, 3 vols., £18.18; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Wheeler's Old English Furniture, 12/6; Ellwood's Human Figure Studies, 16/-; Gotch's English Homes, 30/-; Railway Magazine, vols. 1 to 11, £2.15; A.B.C. Code, fifth edition, 21/-; Geo. Moore, A Story Teller's Holiday, signed by author, £3.2; Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac, 15 vols., £23; Lillywhite's Cricketers' Annual, 27 vols., £2.15; Cricket: A Weekly Record of the Game, 30 vols., £6.6; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/-; Frank Harris, Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £5.5. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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